The MYSTERIES of LIFE Revealed

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Yours in Love and Truth
Fr. C. E. Patterson

THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE REVEALED

TRUTH IN VERSE, AS
CAME THROUGH SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PATTERSON

Aurhor of "A Knowledge of the Self the Key to Power," "What Should I Do That I Would Be What the Almighty Designed," "The Present Religious Awakening," Etc.

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Introduction

In presenting this volume
For mankind to read,
I present to you truth,
And truth only, indeed;
And only as comes to me,
When earth mind is cast out,
And in all things I say,
I am certainly devout.

"As Things Are," is the first,
Following Prayer and Dedication,
For just as things are,
Should be man's education;
Now study this well,
And think, as you read,
For 'tis only by thinking,
Will man e'er succeed.

The next the Creation,
Of man and the world,
The lowest birth place
Into which souls are hurled;
The laws there you'll find,
Now read carefully through,
And then you will know
How mistakes to undo.

In all things I say
I'm in perfect accord,
With the great book of books,
That most men call, "His word";
Then with Bible my reference,
To substantiate all,
The truth I do teach,
Should, redeem from the fall.

I write not for elegance,
Of meter and rhyme,
But simply for telling,
God's truth, the sublime;
And in all I say to you,
From the very first start,
I assure you, dear readers,
It doth come from the heart.

The Invocation

Oh God! Most High and Mighty,
Thy assistance, now we ask,
That we may have intelligence,
To overcome each task;
Help each and every one of us,
To understand thy law,
So we may live a better life,
Yea! With not a single flaw.

Inspire us, my dear Master,
With wisdom from on high;
And help us to impart it,
To friends who draweth nigh,
Who are seeking, for the treasure,
That Thou wouldst have us give,
That teaches man, right living,
To forget, and to forgive.

Then we ask, our Heavenly Father,
That thou give us the golden key,
To unlock the door to mystery,
That few do know, but thee,
We ask to be thy chosen ones,
If we all thy law fulfill,
And we pray for thine intelligence,
To strengthen, and guide our will.

And then at last, when earth life's o'er,
Soul passes to higher plane,
We pray, oh God, that we may know,
So we need not, return again,
But pass right on to higher plane,
Unto the realm most high,
Then will the saying prove more true,
"It is not death to die."

We know 'tis wisdom thou dost give,
Mankind must do the rest,
Again we ask that we may know,
So we may do our best;
We ask, this, through the Christ within,
The power that sets man free,
And say amen, to all we've asked
And give glory, all to thee.

The Dedication

This volume I dedicate to my dearest wife, Helen,
Whose thoughts are with mine, night and day,
And though our earth bodies may wander apart,
Our hearts are united to stay;
I failed for to find you, until past middle life,
At the time, when my soul I did find,
Then it told me the whole, which I knew not before,
And oh! such relief to my mind.

I found we were married, ere of earth we did know,
We were joined by the great God above,
Not from the emotions and passions of earth,
But from the true Spirit of Love;
Now, we will work for each other until we attain
Unto the high planes we're to reach,
Which God does design all true souls to gain,
Then to others, the true knowledge teach.

The duty of each, in this earth life below,
Is to overcome things of this earth,
The two joined together, which God first designed,
Help each other, to gain from earth birth;
Now we know, and fully realize, the cause of our birth,
Together, we work for all time,
And no matter whether men criticise or not,
We are working for truth most sublime.

In the end, later on, the true marriage comes,
Where there's never more parting or tears,
Then the Spirit it joins with the two souls from earth,
And the four they unite, free from fear;
That's the time we are seeking, and bound for to reach,
We *know* just the work we're to do,
Then we'll work for each other, as long as life lasts,
And for God, but to earth's ties, adieu.

As Things Are

Away back in the beginning,
Before the Worlds were,
A force then existed
That caused atoms to stir;
That force still exists,
And ever it will;
It never grows weary,
Nor ever stands still.

This force, from past custom,
We are taught to call God;
Though the old, ancient Hebrew,
He called it just Yod.
Today 'tis Almighty,
Which means just the same,
Yet we should be cautious,
For there's much in a name.

This Almighty power
Of which we now speak,
Set all things a going,
Both the strong and the weak;
First one, then another
All united as one,
Rested then on the seventh day,
And said: "Now, 'tis done."

At first from this wonderful
Power, Spirit came,
And endowed everything
With Spirit the same,
Until things progressed further,
And resolved as one whole,
Then came there a Ruler
That we now do call soul.

This Soul, is Second Ruler,
Of our Universe Grand;
He rules the great oceans,
Also the dry land;
He rules most all men,
And tries to rule more,
And most men forget,
There's a God to adore.

They seem to forget,
The source from which came,
This soul power they have,
Hence, go on just the same;
Allowing dame nature
To lead as she will,
And instead of progressing,
They are just standing still.

For now let me say to you
The soul is below,
The power that created it,
As all men should know;
For Soul, it is mortal,
And must cease to live
Unless, guided by spirit,
Which God, sure did give.

Soul belongeth to nature,
And ruleth it well,
But, without Spirit to guide it
What 'twould do, none can tell,
For it's this Divine essence,
That Guideth all well,
And because man forgot this,
The reason he fell.

Now man's soul, it came,
From this soul universal,
Individualized by God,
And placed here for rehearsal;
But, because God, He knew
Soul alone had no merit,
He also placed with it
His essence, called Spirit.

Souls came not alone,
For of each there were two,
A positive and negative
To help each undo,
The mistakes they might make,
In this world of temptation,
For this was a part
Of God's scheme of Creation.

So souls came to earth
Simply by their own choice,
With spirit to guide them,
And for that should rejoice;
For God, in his wisdom,
Knew better by far,
Than to trust Soul alone,
With the most weakly star.

For Soul is emotion
In man, woman or child,
And emotion is stirred,
By the planet most mild;
And when two or more planets,
They cease to agree,
That's what stirs emotion,
In you, and in me.

Now this Spirit, placed with us,
Gives reason you know,
And it was for this purpose
That God did bestow,
Upon us this gift,
That we might overcome,
Temptations that come to us,
Ere our great work is done.

Our emotions and passions,
Then, are soul education,
Then there is the basis,
Of all soul temptation;
Then to conquer these monsters,
Is the strife of our life,
And to give man assistance,
God gave him the wife.

Then, that man should join hearts,
With woman is no blunder,
For God said, " whom I've joined,
Let no man put asunder."
And note here, my friends,
Whence the true marriage came;
Not from justice or minister
As they always do claim.

No! True marriage from God,
And before the worlds were,
And no man-made law
Can God's law deter;
And when souls do mate here
Through mere sexual emotion,
It causes vexations
And no soul devotion.

For God made a true mate,
For every true Soul,
And these two go together,
To unite the great whole;
And when man lost the key
By which God could be known,
Troubles for him began,
For the true bride had flown.

For man to attain
To the knowledge most high,
Must join with the bride,
God's elect from on high.
For law made by man,
Cannot change this great plan,
For this is the highest law,
From the Great, Great, I Am.

Hence, man, go to work,
There's a duty for you,
And there's no use to shirk it,
For you've got it to do;
And that is, to learn
Of Jehovah's great scheme,
Before you can start,
Your own Soul to redeem.

His laws you must know,
And obey to the letter,
Or else in the end,
He will say, " you're no better
For being on earth,
Than as though never here,
Hence, you try it again,
Else I can't interfere.

For my laws, they are made,
I change for no man,
Else I'd have to keep changing
To meet different men's plan.
So I made all things perfect,
When the world's were first started,
And from that great plan,
I have never departed.

And furthermore, had I
Not made all things right,
It would not have escaped
The keen piercing sight,
Of man in his wisdom,
Which he thinks he does know,
But it came not from God,
But from nature below."

But man read not nature,
As God meant he should,
For selfishness ruled him
As God thought it would;
But, with man's soul endowed
With Spirit, God's own,
In time it will to man,
The whole thing make known.

Then let us be cheerful,
    And rouse from our sleep,
Cease all emotion,
    No more to weep;
Conquer all passion,
    Fear not to die,
Worship forever
    The Great God from on high.

The Creation of Man

The Infinite first,
The ruler most high,
Who created the worlds,
And then you and I;
Not just the same,
For the worlds, they came first,
Then the worlds joined with God,
And to life man was nursed.

This Infinite power
But few comprehend,
Some call it God,
With no beginning nor end;
Some place it here,
And some place it there,
And some freely admit,
That it is everywhere.

In my estimation,
The last only, is true;
For it had no beginning,
Nor will e'er cease to do,
The Things that were started,
All according to law,
For we find all is perfect,
Yea, we can't find a flaw.

Now as to the name
Of this great power above,
Many call it God,
While others say love;
Some call it Jehovah,
While others just Yod;
While to me, the true name,
Is, Almighty God.

But as to the name,
It matters not much,
Only so that we know
Of power there is such,
To bring to existence
The things that now are,
From the greatest of worlds,
To the wee little flower.

Man the last of creations,
Though of all he's the best,
For in him God Almighty,—
Imaged, all of the rest;
Man, seems not to know this,
And scoffs at the thought,
That such things as now are,
Could come merely from naught.

Little thinking that Almighty,
Means something great,
While God, added to it
Means still greater of state;
And now with this thought,
Let us see what he done.
That into existence,
First, the great worlds did come.

At first from this power
" John says," came the word,
Then poured forth the Spirit,
And all things they were stirred,
One breath, after another,
Until there were three,
The number of God,
And of you, and of me.

The three breaths, set in motion,
With each in return,
From thence cyclic motion
Which makes all things to turn;
And from this swift turning,
A centre was started,
Which God has ne'er changed,
Nor time ever parted.

The first center, the Sun,
The ruler o'er all,
Then several others,
Some great, and some small;
All assisting the ruler,
Constituting one whole,
And under special rulership
That we now, call the Soul.

In this world collection
Find we vibrations seven,
And for things on this earth
They furnish the leaven;
For they, joined with God,
When God said, ' let us,"
Make man in our image,
And man was made thus:

In image of all,
Of God, and the world,
In this cycle of life,
Man by law then was whirled;
With nature his tempter,
And with God, his delight,
He must o'ercome the world,
Though it means a great fight.

But with God his support,
Who will guide him aright,
Be sure that you ever,
Keep God in your sight;
For he is your helper,
To overcome all,
And when man, lost this knowledge,
Why! That was man's fall.

Now man must learn over
And rise from that fall,
And only by knowing,
Can man rise at all;
So God in his mercy,
Man's soul to enhance,
Has wisely provided,
To give it a chance.

By making a law
That the soul may again,
Take another earth body
When the old one is lain,
Away in the grave
Which to most men, means death,
But is made very plain,
By the Tablets of Eth.

Solomon the wise man,
He speaks of this plan,
And in fact, this is known,
By every wise man;
John, in his wisdom,
Seemed to have ne'er a doubt,
And said to the o'ercomer,
"You, need go no more out."

The Bible is full
Of statements like this,
And when you once know it,
These points you don't miss;
So ever in future,
Know this as a fact,
To think well, to reason well,
And then, finally, *Act.*

God's Law

Everything, does come by law,
Not a single thing without,
And that this truth is absolute,
There's not a single doubt;
For the one, who did design all things,
Does all things to perfection,
Then certainly, from first to last,
There needs be no correction.

As the law was first, so at the last,
Can't change, one jot or tittle,
That's what God says, even from the first,
Not even a very little;
Then, why pray for change,
If God has planned all things just as he would,
We're wasting time, is my belief,
For he *would* not, if he could.

For if he did, He did not know
The best plan from the start,
And had to wait, for man to grow,
And be so very smart,
To tell Great God Almighty,
The things he'd better do—
And then of course, God changed his plan,
(Because, man told him to.)

Man's Greatness

Man knows not his greatness,
Scarcely, from whence he came,
Stays on earth a short time,
And goes out 'bout the same;
Little dreaming the purpose
For which God, him designed,
And to waste precious moments,
Is he too much inclined.

He delights in emotion,
And considers that pleasure,
Stores up in his heart,
Bad thoughts as a treasure;
He seeks to avenge,
All wrongs done to him,
Little dreaming the while,
That such things, are true sin.

Now you ask what is sin,
And from whence does it come,
And how in the start
True sin was begun?
Let me say to all mankind,
Sin, and sickness, are one,
And from law violation,
They both, sure do come.

Solomon, says, with his knowledge
That the " Fear of the Lord,"
Is beginning of wisdom,
I say, List to his word;
For Lord, does mean law,
Just the same as I said,
And the whole of this knowledge
In Corinthians, is read.

St. Paul, says that wisdom,
Is the first gift of God;
And such has been law,
Since the earth was first trod;
And as man progresses,
There's more comes to him,
And this is the way,
Man gets free from his sin.

He gets free by knowing,
The laws of mankind,
And that was God's purpose
And as he designed;
That man, should join with him,
By so doing, be free.
The at-one-ment so-called,
And for you, and for me.

Hence, I say, man, wake up,
And learn, more and more;
For man is far greater,
And has more in store,
Than ever he thought,
And can do more by far,
And if he but knew it,
Has a guide in some star.

That star is directed
From the God, that's on high,
That such is the fact
There's none can deny,
So watch for that angel,
That can direct you,
'Tis God's hand, that directs it,
And 'twill carry you through.

The Two Laws

Man lives under two laws,
One of nature, one of God,
And such has been the case
Since the earth was first trod;
But only few men
Know the difference I trow,
Hence, they lose the true blessings
God, would on man bestow.

This God Law, is general
And ruleth all things;
To the man that does know it,
True comfort it brings;
The Special law, from nature,
Prime ruler, the Sun,
Other planets, joint rulers
When earth life, first begun.

Then the moment of birth
Tells the tale of this life,
All your happiness, or trouble,
All your weakness, or strife;
All your great possibilities,
For to gain on this plane,
When for you to make progress,
When for you to refrain.

Most men of this life,
They drift with the tide,
For they read not the fate
That the planets decide,
That would make a strong lesson
For to teach them something,
That without, understanding,
Much trouble, doth bring.

If you know the law general
That doth come from on high,
Then you're warned of bad angles,
That are cast from the sky;
Then bad angles, they cease
To stir thoughts, in your mind,
And to mislead your Soul,
As the law had designed.

You have now developed reason,
You think on all things,
And by learning to think
More reason, it brings;
Then, with will power to guide it,
Free from thought, just of *I*,
You have learned, how to live,
Yes: e'en fitted to die.

Man

Man! What is he, I ask you?
Now answer who will,
And tell me the purpose,
Of the Great Divine will,
In projecting to earth
The man he designed,
And then so much change,
When to earth, thus confined.

Surely man that we see
Cannot be just the one,
Who, when God had created
Said, Now all is done,
For God's works are perfect,
Hence, the man that we see,
Cannot be the true one,
For perfection, means free.

Now, I ask, are you free
Or to earth things a slave?
Body free from disease,
And in heart, not a knave?
Now please take an inventory
Of just what you are,
Then sum it all up,
And see just how far,

You are traveling my friend
From the path, God designed,
When you asked for the purpose
Of being consigned,
To this earth plane below,
Where mortals do dwell,
Now which are you seeking,
A heaven or hell?

Now, by Heaven, and Hell,
Please do not mistake,
Just the thing that I mean,
But of my thought partake;
And know that I mean
Either pleasure or pain,
One meaning, all loss,
The other, all gain.

Heaven, is right here on earth,
If we would make it so,
Hell, in the same place,
If to it we would go;
And we need not go far,
To find all we choose,
And we get the first taste,
When God's laws we refuse.

Now, man, the true one,
In image of God,
Is not the man, we see,
Who does o'er the earth plod,
But only the covering
Of the God man beneath,
The covering of nature,
Which it did bequeath.

God's plan, when projecting
The true man to earth,
Was meant to evolve
For each soul, higher birth;
But Souls, when once given,
Chance, for higher life,
Changed the chance for emotion,
And this earth life, mere strife.

Hence, man, as we see him,
Though he's called by that name,
Is eternally seeking after,
What I'd call earth fame;
He is bound for to get it,
In one way or another,
Hence, true selfishness, rules him,
And true self, he does smother.

The true man is covered,
By a body of dust,
Ruled by his emotions,
And passions, and lust;
These rulers all acting,
To frame the earth man,
Makes the man, that we see,
And thus nature's plan.

Now, to which shall man cater,
To God, or this earth?
Make his life a true hell?
Or pure sunshine, and mirth?
If to God, all is beauty,
And all things ending well,
If to earth a true slave,
And all slavery means hell,

Slavery, marks all its victims,
Finally, ends this earth life;
To most men, it has proven
Just a mere school of strife;
The true man has failed
In his schooling below,
And is now at the mercy,
Which only God, can bestow.

Man's Journey Through Life

Man came to this earth,
Really, by his own choice;
And for that opportunity,
Man should ever rejoice;
For its by the experience
He gains on this plane,
That makes him a saint,
And o'er angels to reign.

He is drawn to this earth
Through the law of attraction,
For like, attracts like,
In this great world of action;
And as soon as placed here
On this great plane of strife,
He is then just beginning,
What most men call life.

He starts as a babe,
He knows nothing at all;
He is taught by his parents,
Ne'er redeemed from the fall;
Hence, he's taught to be selfish,
This world's goods to gain,
But not really taught,
From what things to abstain.

Hence, he grows up to manhood,
Full of strife and emotion;
And no one, having these,
Can have much, God devotion;
So he goes slowly on,
Thinking life a mere dream,
Passes on, yes, and through it,
And of truth, not a gleam.

Perchance, at the age
Of about twenty-three,
His soul, may awake
And desire to be free:
And though this is early,
For awakening to come,
Yet occasionally it happens
That the work's first begun.

Then again, about this age
Though he has a brave heart,
The woman steps in
And plays active part,
To soften that nature
Bent on things of this world,
And into other channels,
All that man's thoughts are hurled.

If he joins the true Soul,
God designed from on high,
Then awakening comes sooner
And no one will deny,
Who knows of the laws
Of the great God above,
And knows true soul mating,
Meaneth, truly, God love.

The start is then made
To progress in this life,
For between two, true soul mates,
No passion, or strife;
Then, the Spirit of truth,
Seeks to guide these two souls,
And if they learn to listen,
All the truth, it unfolds.

But if married as most are,
Just through the emotion,
There is no love at all,
Hence, no God devotion;
They soon drift apart,
Both get worse, day by day,
They are just of the world
And have parts yet to play.

They are yet of this world,
Of the truth they don't know,
That God, in his wisdom
Could on them bestow,
So they drift with the tide
Until age forty-two,
Second time of awakening,
For me, and for you.

Should he fail at this time,
To gain knowledge true,
The next time of awakening,
About age, sixty-two;
But should you pass this,
And rouse not from your sleep,
I'm afraid my dear brother
Your slavery, you'll keep.

Then you pass on beyond,
A slave just the same,
No matter what position
You held on this plane;
For 'tis only by knowing
And the things that you do,
That you're given a passport,
To the realm pure and true.

But, should soul awakening
Chance to come at a time,
As I've already mentioned
And you seek the Divine,
Then the whole world it changes,
Yes, all thought and desire,
All emotion and passion,
Then they quietly retire.

Now, 'tis knowledge you want,
Both of God, and this earth;
You are now searching after
Just the cause of your birth;
And 'tis said in the " Bible,"
" If you ask you receive,"
Which you prove to yourself,
And not merely, believe.

As soon as you know
Just how for to find,
The truth you would know
As God really designed,
Then you're changed, as it were,
No more passion, or strife,
And now you begin
For to live the true life.

You now learn the law
Both of nature and God,
The power that is mighty,
And e'er wields the rod;
That directs all things justly,
Even on this earth plane,
And by living the law,
It is all for your gain.

Yes, for gain that is lasting
And that vanisheth not,
You have gained the true heaven,
Of all sin, you've forgot;
For no more are you tempted,
You have o'ercome the world,
And the whole law of God,
Now to you, is unfurled.

Now, I say in conclusion
Souls of earth, do awake;
Seek direction in silence,
And your sins, then forsake;
And receive the reward
That is promised to you,
By God, the Almighty,
If you live the life true.

Man's Aspirations

Some people, have high aspirations,
While others, they have none at all,
Who drift as the tide, it would carry,
Ever ready, in a moment to fall;
They say, the world owes them a living,
And will get it, let come what e'er will,
So they even lose thought of the future,
Not a purpose in life, to fulfill.

Not a thought do they take of the morrow,
And not e'en a thought of the past,
They drift through this world, a mere nothing,
Even troubles, they have do not last;
But escape from the mind, and no lesson,
Is learned, from experience they get,
They pass from this life to another,
A poor, worthless, unhappy set.

They have not gained a thing, by the life here,
In fact, their soul never awoke,
To know just the cause of their being,
Far less of the laws, that they broke;
So in time, they must try the life over,
Just the time, surely I cannot tell,
But such is the law, of Jehovah,
Else, in Hades, thereafter to dwell.

Others, come on this earth, the truth seeking,
But with no one to give them a start,
So they drift from one church to another,
Thinking preachers, will to them impart,
Just the true, and real cause of their being,
But alas! few of them know at all,
For its just for the salary, they are preaching,
And know naught of the cause, of man's fall.

But with deep thought, and high aspiration,
Man can get, knowledge from the most high;
If he lives in accord with his wishes,
And the pleasures, of earth life deny;
So you need by no means, be dependent,
On men, who pretend things to know,
But go in your own secret chamber,
And on you, God will surely bestow,

The true knowledge, of your whole being,
And the true reason, why you are here,
All the things, that of you are expected,
And he'll show you the way, oh, so clear;
So I'll just simply say in conclusion,
Heed the words, I have spoken to you;
For they'll lead you to life everlasting,
From a false life, to one ever true.

The Soul and its Immortality

The soul is not immortal,
As we have oft been told;
Until by gift of Spirit,
It doth itself unfold,
And know the true conditions
By which it came to earth,
And recognize its greatness,
And also, its true worth.

The soul is not a unity,
For 'tis composed of two;
The Soul, and also Spirit,
And they, inseparable too;
And it's in that condition
God sent the soul to earth,
And this Spirit, God's own essence,
Is what gives Soul, its worth.

The Spirit is deep seated,
In the ordinary Soul;
But in time, this germ it leavens,
And livens up the whole;
And it is that Spirit's duty,
To guide that Soul aright,
In this world of great temptation,
This world of constant fight.

This was God's plan, even from the first,
And we know, God's plans, full well,
Must be fulfilled, by every Soul,
Else to Satan, we do sell
Our very life, Soul, body, all,
We have sacrificed, and fell,
And doomed ourselves to lower planes,
The churches say, to *hell.*

Such is the *law,* of a great God,
The Spirit is his gift;
And given unto every soul,
That Soul, it must uplift;
And if in one life, it should fail,
To bring Soul to subjection,
It will be given another chance,
For God says, "All perfection."

What I Know

I know that my redeemer lives
And dwells, right within me;
A gift of God, to my dear Soul,
Its work to set me free;
When I do know, and can its aid
Implore, when I'm in need,
The richest gift, God ever gave,
Really, a part of God, indeed.

I know this force, that in me dwells
Is the same in all mankind,
The force, the Love, the Intelligence,
That Jesus, himself did find;
And tells us how, to find this power,
And the life, we must also live,
If we would find Almighty God,
And how, to our sins forgive.

I know this power, can heal all ills,
When properly we do ask,
That it direct us to our God
Who relieves us of the task,
Of suffering pain, and other ills,
Too numerous for to mention,
And frees our very souls indeed,
From all sorts of detention.

I know most men, when sickness comes,
Doth to their doctors fly,
But that they often worse do yet get,
There's none, who can deny;
When had they known, the power within,
The Physician with them ever,
They would quit their earth made doctor,
And relations with him sever.

I know but few, do know this power,
Except, by mere belief;
But let me say to searching souls,
In lines, and words most brief,
It's surely there, just as I've said,
Search for it night and day;
Even though you search, for months and years,
When you find it, it will pay,

For all the time, that you have spent,
No matter, how long it be;
For it's the way, and the only way
To make your soul most free;
It's the Christ within, the Holy Ghost,
God placed there in the start,
Placed there on purpose, for us to find,
From that law, God will ne'er depart.

Man's Troubles

Trouble, what is it,
And why does it come?
Few but experience it,
Ere the life work is done;
Some, they have more,
While others, much less,
While many there are,
Who do never confess,

Of having really anything,
But trouble repeated;
So that after a time
It becomes so deep seated,
They cannot get free,
For they've courted so long,
They have now, really married it,
And trouble's their song.

They sing it at night,
They sing it all day;
They sing it while working,
Also during play;
They have got it deep seated,
And so thoroughly rubbed in,
That their life is all turmoil,
No happiness within.

Now why not divorce it,
If you would be free?
For is it not possible
That with eyes, you might see?
And see you are making
All the trouble you've got,
And as long as you court it,
Why that is your lot?

Selfishness, breeds most of troubles,
That arise in the heart,
Why not cast *it* out,
If from trouble you'd part?
I know men do hate
To admit such as true,
But just take an invoice
And see if that's you.

See all trouble you have
You have made it yourself;
And in great many cases
In your greed after pelf;
Else, in satisfying passion
And emotion, as well,
And that's just the reason
Your life, is a hell.

Now, change, if for pleasure
In future you crave,
And from this time on,
You try and behave;
And cease more to court
Such a devilish bride,
And ever hereafter
Try, with truth, to abide.

The Ways of the World and its People

The ways of the world, they are curious,
The ways of its people, are more;
Who, so bent on emotional nature,
Forget there's a God to adore;
They go through this world, in their ignorance,
Little dreaming, the future to come;
But when death does threaten, and end in sight,
Oh! so sorry, for things they have done.

Their conscience then tortures, they fear for to die,
They have not learned the lesson, God planned;
For so bent were they, on emotion so rife,
The true fires of hell, have they fanned;
Though they thought, they were having the greatest of fun,
Not a care, at the time, could they see,
Forgetting entirely, the truth of the word,
That it's only by truth, are we free.

But Truth, they don't know, and for it don't care;
Their minds are entirely of earth;
Forgetting at least, or else care they not,
The reason, that God gave them birth;
But, sooner or later, the time it must come
When the people, that are such, must awake,
For the Spirit now present, of which Jesus spoke,
Will arouse, else entirely forsake.

Now the Pleiades, they furnish sweet influence,
That produces, the ways of the world;
The planets and stars, rule the people,
When to earth their influence is hurled;
Man should recognize this, and be ready
To counteract discord so rife,
For, when two or more planets, join in discord,
They ofttimes in man, do take life.

Then man, do wake up, and be not so blind,
There's a whole lot of things for to learn,
Let no idle moments, not even one, pass,
But constantly, after truth yearn;
It sure can be found, if only you seek,
And 'tis said, "If you ask, you receive,"
Then arouse from your slumbers, cease longer to sleep,
And from slavery, your soul grant reprieve.

The Soul Awakening

To earth, all souls they were projected;
They found earth bodies, here below;
And by God's Spirit, were protected,
Because God loved them so;
But, after coming here, to learn a lesson,
To gain for them an everlasting life,
They lost the knowledge, with which God had blessed them,
And made for man, a life, of care and strife.

By reading from the Holy, Holy Bible,
I learned my Soul, it ever should be free;
If it would overcome things unreliable,
That would constantly, be happening to me;
So I start at once, to overcome emotion,
All my passions, I do govern by my will;
I seek to live a life, of God Devotion,
Now, I'm governed by the Spirit, I've instilled.

I have found it, yes, I've found it;
And it guides me through all trials, night and day;
Hence, I'll endeavor, ne'er to sever,
Its relations with my soul, while here I stay;
'Tis my Savior, yes, my Savior,
It will free my soul from sin, and make me free;
'Tis the power, the brightest flower,
That blooms from out my Soul, and all for me.

Laugh and the World Laughs With You

Laugh, and the world it laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep all alone;
When you have plenty of money,
Every one's home is your own;
But when you get broke, and discouraged,
And know not just which way to turn,
You find all your friends have departed,
Not a single one, of whom you can learn.

Laugh, and the world it laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep all alone;
Know then the law of fate ruleth,
And your faults, it will never condone;
For it's seeking to teach you a lesson,
You learn it sometimes, at great cost,
And oft times before you have learned it,
You find all you've got, it is lost.

It is then, you begin at the bottom,
You begin the whole world, over new;
And the quickest way, then to the top, sir,
Is to live the pure life, good and true;
Seek for to find the true Spirit,
That God, in his wisdom did give;
To each loving soul, ere the worlds were,
It is that, which will teach you to live.

Then laugh, and the *world, it* laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep *not* alone;
For then, you have made one true friend, sir,
Whose assistance, is ever your own;
He will guide and protect you forever,
He will keep you, from sins of this world,
He will e'en banish cause for your weeping,
For to you, all his truth is unfurled.

Laugh, and the world it laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep all alone;
All men they joy in your laughter.
Nobody cares when you moan;
All most men want, is your money,
When that's gone, then what care they for you;
Then learn the *true* life, which is higher,
Choose a friend that will ever prove true.

Set to music. Sheet music form by author.

The Power Within

There is a power within us,
That most men know not of,
It cometh not from earth below,
But, rather from above;
St. Paul speaks of it, in his works
And tells us of its merit,
And he would have us call this power,
The Gift of God, the Spirit.

Paul says that there are just nine gifts,
To men on earth, are given,
And the first, of all gifts given to men,
Is the gift of God, called wisdom;
In Corinthians twelve, you'll find these words,
Which is known, by all mankind,
Who does the Holy Bible read,
And can the truth define.

Then, cometh knowledge, and next faith,
After that, the gift of *healing,*
But men, nowdays, though in the church,
They scoff at those revealing
The truth, as God would have men know,
And *truth,* as they know well,
And because, you don't their creed accept,
They would doom your soul, to hell.

There are four more gifts that Paul speaks of,
They are there, for all to read;
But churches, seem to lose all sight,
Of the great truth there, indeed;
They seem to want to shut the eyes,
To things so deeply hidden,
And now I say, to the material man,
God, has these truths forbidden.

So scoff away, you men of sin
No matter, where you are,
Within the church, even minister,
You can't the truth debar,
Or keep from me, the power of soul
Or accuse me more of sin,
For I'm guided by the Spirit,
The power of God within.

This Life a Riddle

This life, is a riddle,
And in mystery veiled,
And in solving the problem
Why, most men have failed;
Not one in a thousand
E'en ventures a guess,
And most of the balance
They at once do confess,

They know nothing at all,
Of the Infinite's scheme,
In sending pure souls,
To a world that's so mean;
They know not e'en the difference
Between Spirit and Soul,
And they give not a thought
Of the end, of the whole.

The churches, they say,
End, is heaven or hell,
But, pray let me ask,
Where the middle class dwell:
For sure, good and bad,
Is a long way apart,
And some, from the bad,
They, have made quite a start.

Hence, they must stop somewhere,
In some place, that's between,
The home of true Saints,
And of those that are mean;
Yet, not down in the depths
To which some souls may go—
For the home of some souls,
Is this earth plane below.

Now souls, must have started,
All from the same plane,
And as God's no respecter,
All in time, must regain,
The same lofty position
They all held at the first,
Now, what think you the scheme,
To redeem, e'en the worst?

For all must be redeemed,
Else God, fails in his plan,
For the end is perfection,
For the soul of each man;
Now as body, drops off
At the end of this life,
Think you ,that's a beginning,
Or the end of soul strife?

Now, how make that the end,
When from earth we are hurled,
If we follow the Teacher
Who had o'ercome the world?
And thus know, it's a duty
This world to o'ercome,
And that solves the riddle
Of a life, here begun.

The Present Time

Our days, are gliding swiftly by,
And we not one bit wiser;
When we do have, Almighty God,
As our dear soul's adviser;
Why don't we ask, if we would know,
What He would have us do?
We are wasting, oh, such precious time,
With so many things, untrue.

'Tis said within that Holy Book,
Ask, and thou shalt receive;
But, 'tis too true with most of us
We're content, to just believe;
But man can know, if he will seek,
And cease to longer dream,
And know just how to free his soul,
And from sickness, even body redeem.

Then why not wake, ye sons of earth,
For it's true, just what I've said,
And cease, your mere believing,
But with truth, let soul be fed;
And that does only come to those,
Who seek in most high places,
But when it does, it bringeth joy,
And all sorrow, it effaces.

If your soul has growth, whereby it knows,
Just why, 'twas placed on earth,
And knows 'twas only by its choice,
That the Almighty gave it birth,
Then, there's a soul, as soon as given,
The slightest knowledge, *true,*
Who will go to work, at once to seek,
Past mistakes, how to undo.

This knowledge, does not come from men,
For man, only the key can give;
But even then, when the key you have,
There's a different life to live;
The desire of heart, and the wish to know,
You must constantly keep in mind,
Establish a faith, in the God of love,
And the truth, you will surely find.

Look Upward

Look upward, my brother,
Not continually down;
See nature with smiles,
And not with a frown;
For nature's from God,
The ruler o'er all,
And the loss of this knowledge
The cause of man's fall.

Look upward, my brother,
Learn the laws, that are high,
Designed, by a power,
Whose realm is the sky;
Look upward, to one
Who does rule everything,
And in depth of your heart,
True comfort 'twill bring.

Look upward, my brother,
Let go things of earth,
And then you'll fulfill
The requirements of birth.
Conquer all earth temptations,
That stir your emotion,
Then you're entering the realm
Of pure God devotion.

For conquer you must
Either sooner or later,
Then with trifles of earth,
Let the soul cease to cater;
Else you'll fail for to pass
On the great judgment day,
And then you will know,
What's the price *you must pay.*

The New Year Welcome

Glad New Year! Thee we welcome
And we hail thee, with delight;
We now make new resolutions,
With intent to do just right;
We now banish all antipathies,
Animosities we forget,
Love our friends, and family better,
And for once, we'll cease to fret.

Borrow, ne'er a care or trouble,
Bring the day, what'er it will,
For our great, and noble purpose,
Is God's laws, now to fulfill;
Drop all of our last year's hatreds
Try our enemies, now to love,
Following the Master's teachings,
Jesus Christ, who dwells above.

My Thoughts

Whence cometh the thoughts
That creep into my mind,
Both bidden, and unbidden,
And of every kind,
Good, bad, and indifferent,
Some, even perforce,
Now tell me, dear reader,
From whence, is their source?

It is said, as man thinketh
Down deep in his heart,
Is he that way inclined,
To take active part;
Hence, thoughts must be dangerous,
To accept, as they come,
Hence, I've got something to do,
Now, what's to be done?

First, learn of their source
Is man's duty to do;
Then cast out the ones,
That are no good to you;
For thoughts, are vibrations,
As constant as air,
That brings to man pleasure,
Or deepest despair.

Their source, it may be
From the planet, most high,
That shineth from heaven,
Whose realm is the sky;
Then again, it may be
Mere vibrations of man,
Sent out from his mind,
That you don't understand.

Then again, our five senses,
They prompt in our mind,
A thought that is selfish,
Not by God, e'er designed;
Also, prompt our emotions,
And passions so rife,
Which is e'er causing trouble
And greatest of strife.

Then, there cometh vibrations,
That are far, far above,
All those I have mentioned,
Pure vibrations, of love;
They, cometh from God,
Which but few know about,
Which prompts in man's mind,
Thoughts, pure, and devout.

Now, which will you seek,
The low, or the high,
For you can have either,
Only so you deny,
The one you don't wish
Let it be, which it will,
But, be sure, and choose rightly
So God's law you fulfill.

The Holy Bible

Holy Bible, Sacred Book,
A proclaimer of truth,
That should ever be taught,
To all mankind, in youth;
But taught, in a way,
As designed by the man,
Who wrote separately, each book,
In accord, with God's plan.

Not, in literal sense,
As most men do teach,
For much is in symbol,
Which does only soul reach,
By spiritual awakening,
Which can come to mankind,
When man does seek after,
And the true Spirit find.

Spirit, man's divine nature,
That dwells within him,
Placed there by the Infinite,
To save him from sin,
But, when man he fell,
And lost the keynote,
Then man ceased to know,
And to God, soul devote.

The Bible's a book,
To teach men the law,
As it cometh from God,
And without e'er a flaw;
A book of philosophy,
And written by those,
Whom God in his wisdom,
Had seen fit to choose.

These men, speak in language,
As fitting the time;
Some speaking in allegory,
Others, truths, most sublime;
While some speak in symbol,
Understood, by but few,
Yet another, in parable,
Which means, nothing to you.

Now, before man can read,
And understand well,
He must recognize first,
That all mankind fell;
Or lost the true knowledge,
By which he could know,
God Almighty, His Maker,
And on Him, praise bestow.

So man, ere you start
To peruse, this great book,
Begin for to search,
And into heart look,
For heart, is the seat,
Of every man's soul,
And there dwelleth Spirit,
That revealeth the whole.

Now, I've told you just how
The Spirit, to find,
And I trust ere you start,
To the truth you're inclined;
And taking for granted
That you now have the key,
I now will proceed
To reveal unto thee,

The truths of this book,
And as written by men,
Who had made the at-one-ment,
With the Infinite, and then
They wrote, as was prompted
Their soul for to say,
By the Spirit, their prompter,
For that, is God's way.

Now first, let me say,
Of Bibles, there's two,
As we've always been taught,
The Old and the New;
The Arian dispensation,
Constituting the old,
Then of Piscean age
In the new, we are told.

The writers are many,
Both in Old, and in New,
But the question now is,
How much of it's true?
So at first let me say,
Learn the language they speak,
Then their sayings to you,
Will not seem so weak.

They speak not in language,
As we know today,
For we read in English—
They spoke not that way;
For they spoke in symbol,
Allegory, and rhyme,
Spiritual truth, of their saying,
Was ever sublime.

You catch not, that truth,
Unless keyed to that tone,
By spiritual awakening,
Which cometh alone,
To the one who prepares,
His own soul to receive,
Then does never after,
His own soul, deceive.

Moses, the Messiah,
Of the Arian age,
Speaks first of the creation
In fact a true sage;
Tells just how, God created,
Man and beast, on high plane,
Then projected to earth,
Souls, for knowledge to gain.

Now read the two chapters,
Genesis, second and first;
And see just the way,
How to life, man was nursed;
Now be careful in reading,
And make no mistake,
And see, you had being,
Ere, earth body, did take.

Then notice again,
There were worlds before you,
Created by God,
And had something to do,
In helping the Almighty
To develop true man,
And this is the nature part,
In accord with God's plan.

Moses, gave wise commandments,
In number just ten;
All law ever after,
Has been based upon them;
Now, can even one person
Say, aught 'gainst his rules,
Without feeling in heart,
He's the greatest of fools?

Moses, gave to his people
Also, law of divorce,
Because, he considered
It very much worse,
For two wrongly mated,
To quarrel and fight,
So, inspired by God's prompting,
He made the thing right.

Some, now claim that Moses
In this made mistake;
But, if such is the case
Why not all laws forsake,
As made by that prophet,
The king of the Jews,
Then ever hereafter,
Ten commandments refuse?

If wrong in one thing,
Then wrong in another,
Say I, just as I mean,
And the truth, do not smother,
But my true belief
And in fact, I do know,
That God, the true knowledge
On him did bestow.

There are many more writers
Who wrote in those days,
And of any and all
I do speak in great praise;
But the one's most admired,
And who said greatest things,
Are David and Solomon,
Two the wisest of kings.

Solomon: He prayed for wisdom,
Above riches or fame;
Though adversity befell him,
He prayed just the same;
His prayer, it was granted,
And will be to all,
Who pray only for wisdom,
To redeem from the fall.

Ezekiel, the key
To the Testament Old,
Is read by but few,
Who its truths can behold;
But when man develops,
The soul as I teach
Then Ezekiel is plain,
And his truths you beseech.

Next, we have the New Testament,
Of the Piscean age;
With Christ the Messiah,
As well as the Sage;
Who predicts for the future
What mankind must do,
That they, may be chosen,
From the many, the few.

Now, what this New Testament
If God's law, cannot change?
That should come all at once
And the Old disarrange?
And if disarrange part
Why not disarrange all,
Casting out all of God's law,
To redeem from the fall.

Is that not the idea,
That is taught unto men,
By men in the pulpit
Who will tell you that when,
Jesus Christ, came on earth,
He taught new law to all,
And that by his coming,
All are saved from the fall?

Now you readers of Bible,
Please think, and reason well,
Before you accept
Everything, that men tell.
For know you at present,
Ever after, and all time,
That a true law, when once made,
Is forever, sublime.

Nature's laws change,
As does law of dispensation,
And these laws began,
At the time of God's creation;
Now look well into this
Before you believe,
That God made a mistake,
And your own soul deceive.

No! God made not mistake
Nor one law, has he changed,
And in no wise, at all
Has he rearranged,
So man could join with him,
But as first, said he should,
And in private opinion,
Think; would not if he could.

We now, speak of the writers,
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Whose writings are principally,
Of Christ, the loved one;
How he taught all the people
Who would list to his call,
And earnestly beseeched them,
To rise from the fall.

He taught them the law,
So the truth they might see,
And he said unto them
By the truth they were free;
But in all of his teachings,
Find I not single place,
Where one of God's laws
Did he seek to efface.

St. Paul, the next writer,
We speak of in brief,
And to read his plain language
It affords great relief.
To one who would learn
Of the laws of this life,
So to free, his own Soul,
From all turmoil and strife.

He speaks the most plain
Of all writers there be,
And he speaks to all men,
Yes, to you and to me,
And says just exactly
The things you must do,
If with God, you would join,
And e'er after, be true.

Of the gifts of the Spirit,
That God, gives to men,
He tells all about them
And after that, then,
He says, men are Gods,
If they only did know,
And develop the Christ,
God, on them did bestow.

He says, that your body,
Belongs not to you,
But is bought with a price,
Which to me is quite true;
Now, who knows the price,
That St. Paul talks about,
Or do you not think
In his talk he's devout?

John, the Revelator, the next,
The last, though not least,
His writings, now and ever
To me are a feast!
So covered in mysticism,
That but few, understand,
But, with Spirit awakening,
You see truths, oh! so grand.

He not only speaks
Of the earth plane below;
But he soars to the higher planes,
Of which, but few know.
And he tells what great beauty,
Is seen on that plane,
And how by overcoming,
All these great gifts you gain.

Now, friends, do read carefully,
Writings, of Paul, and John;
But let me say also,
Read Proverbs, and Psalms;
And then I say further
In the year eighty-two,
A new dispensation,
For the world, me, and you.

The age of the Spirit,
That Christ spoke about,
In John you will read this,
And Christ was devout,
And John the revealer
He speaks of the same,
Hence, prepare ye all men,
For a new law to frame.

Not a new law of God,
As God's laws never change;
But new dispensations,
Do old laws rearrange,
And all people change
For God, so directs,
And now, that you know this,
Trust; your soul it protects.

Religion

Religion! Oh word misunderstood,
And why, men be so blind,
That they cannot grasp thy meaning,
Nor thy truth, at least define?
It really seems, so queer to me,
With a word, that is so plain,
That men construe it, as they do,
And from it, nothing gain.

Religion, as I understand,
Means for man to re-bind,
His very soul, back to his God,
Through Spirit, he must find;
By living true, and perfect life,
Not an error must he make,
To love his neighbor, as himself,
And all his sins forsake.

There are many, who pretend to know,
And to practice it, day by day,
But can they know, I ask of you,
Even though they often pray?
And make loud prayer, in public place,
And make them good and long,
To follow with a long amen,
And then will lead in song?

If soon as prayer, and song have ceased,
And they public gaze do quit,
Begin at once, ere they reach home,
To play the hypocrite?
Can they have understanding
Of religion, as I say,
And do things, to harm a neighbor
Even though, in a sly way?

Can State or Nation, know the word,
When they will take a life,
Which God, hath given to some soul,
Wherein to conquer strife?
Is State or Nation, ere to rule,
Above the God of Love?
Then call themselves religious
And pure hearted as a dove?

Can State even kill a criminal,
Though he's killed men by the score?
For when the State, does kill that man,
The State has killed one more.
Now which is worse, in sight of God,
What's done by State, or man?
For State should have good judgment,
Man, might not understand.

If man, kills man, 'tis murder,
When men, kill men, 'tis war;
Now I ask you, what's the difference
And what religion is for,
If not to raise men far above,
The slightest thought to kill,
To teach the love of brotherhood,
And in hearts, God's love instill?

To be religious, it does mean
Man must perfection be;
And 'tis only by perfection,
That man's soul, it can be free;
The love of God, when once instilled,
Restores man, from the fall,
Religion meaneth all of this,
God's plan to redeem all.

Jesus, the Christ, he knew the word,
And lived it day by day;
He set the example, for all men
How to live, as well as pray;
He's a Saviour, only in so much,
As we live, as he showed how,
For God the Creator, is the Only One,
That could save you, then, or now.

The Man in the Moon

Oh, the man in the moon
He took a tumble
Away down here below;
He said, Oh my! had I only known
That the girls they loved me so,
I'd have been here before,
As sure as you are born,
Where the land it is so fair,
Where the girls are so sweet,
With such pretty little feet,
And with bright and golden hair.

Oh, my bright shining face,
Is a great delight,
No lovers will deny,
But a little more shy,
When they see me peep,
From my realm up in the sky,
So I just dodge behind,
A little passing cloud,
And peep just with one eye,
And the things I do see,
Are most curious to me,
And they sometimes, make me sigh.

Oh, I rule most all men,
Through their emotions,
Easy enough to do:
Only just a little smile,
And then you wink,
And they think that love so true;
But now on the side
I do gently say to you,
It's a way just to deceive;
So I tell you on the spot,
You had better cut it out,
Else in future, mourn and grieve.

REFRAIN:

Oh my! Oh my!
Am I not a gay deceiver?
My face so bright,
On a starry night,
No one would disbelieve her:
But a handsome face,
Often brings disgrace,
To the one, who associates with it,
For it stirs the heart,
And your senses part,
And you're left then for to rue it.
Set to music. Sheet music form.

Oh Sun

Thou art king, of all our solar system;
Thou rulest, from on high;
Thou rulest earth and heaven,
From thy realm up in the sky;
Thou makest the green pastures,
And waters, too that flow,
Thou art the life of nature,
And on me doth power bestow.

Thou art king, of all our solar system;
Thou markest, night and day,
All other gods, there are of nature,
They do ever, thee obey;
Thy power is ever mighty,
All men, they thee adore,
And as we know thy greatness,
We love thee, more and more.

REFRAIN:

Then shine, shine on, thou mighty one;
Send forth, thy radiant beam,
Thou rul'st the day, so masterly,
Thy brightness, oh serene;
Thou true, true God, of all our nature;
Near unto, God, most high;
We could, not live at all without thee,
Thou, ruler, of the sky.

Set to music. Sheet music form.

My Shining Star

I've a star that is shining for me,
A star that does ever shine bright;
Though far, far away, seems to be,
She is ever, my greatest delight;
She guides and directs every day,
It's my duty, to watch her with care;
She's an angel, to me on this earth,
To guide me, to realms bright and fair.

I've a star that is shining for me,
A star, that is part of my soul;
A record, in heaven she keeps,
Which in time, she will truly unroll;
To reveal all the sins of my life,
When I've failed to obey her command,
But I know she'll deal gently with me,
When I go to that far away land.

REFRAIN:

Oh thou bright, shining, bright shining star,
Thou art mine,
And 'tis thee, I adore;
Thou doth guide and direct,
And will seek to protect,
Till I meet thee, to part nevermore;
Oh thy face, is as music to me,
And I seek to be guided by thee,
So I'll watch thee with care,
In that realm, bright and fair,
Thou my guide, thou my bright shining star.

Set to music. Sheet music form.

The True Marriage

In first chapter of Genesis,
Verses, twenty-six to twenty-eight,
According to Moses,
The great Power, did create,
Man, and woman, male and female,
The two, just as one,
Rested then, on the seventh day,
And said, " Now 'tis done."

Now friends, please take notice,
That this was before,
The earth was inhabitable,
The place, men adore;
But man at this time,
On high planes, yet confined,
Awaiting projection,
As God, had designed.

When the earth was fit later
To receive an earth birth,
Then man was projected,
By God to this earth;
The two, came as one,
The woman, and man,
To gain earth experience,
Now this was God's plan.

But when once on earth,
A change from the start;
Their emotions were stirred,
And they drifted apart;
E'en the true sons of God
When fair daughters they saw,
Gazed upon them with passion,
And thus broke, the first law.

Then began the separation,
The true marriage of God;
For man was truly married,
Ere the earth was first trod;
Was married by God,
While yet on high plane,
But in coming to earth,
It was loss, and not gain.

For he here lost the knowledge,
By which he could tell,
His really, true soul mate,
Which could join with him well;
And then his emotions,
And passions so rife,
They led him astray,
And he lost, the true wife.

That man should unite
With woman is right,
And God, keeps the true marriage,
Ever in sight;
But because man he lost
His true knowledge to start,
God's wisdom, and man's,
They soon drifted apart.

Hence, now man makes choice
Not alone, from his soul;
With prompting of Spirit
Which should ere guide the whole,
But emotion, and passion,
They play from the start,
And when they, cool down,
Then the drifting apart.

Men and women unite,
And that is no wonder,
But God said, Whom I've joined,
Let not man, put asunder;
But notice my friends,
Whence, the true marriage came,
Not from justice or minister,
As they ever do claim.

It was marriage by man,
Who in fact knew no law,
Except, a man made one,
Which is ne'er without flaw;
And if not the true marriage,
As God, had designed,
Then divorce, it must follow,
Else, to hell, two consigned.

For some one has violated,
A true law of God;
Which has ever been known
Since Cain, moved to Nod;
For God said, Whom I've joined,
Man must not put apart,
Hence by keeping together,
From God law, you depart.

Now if man's law is final,
And divorce cannot be,
Then the man who does marry
From earth ties must be free,
And be in a state
So God's law, he can know,
And marry just the one,
That to him, God will show.

As true mates, who in marriage
God joined from the first,
Then to earth, were projected
For better or worse;
And though they may separate
And drift wide apart,
In time, God unites them,
And for ne'er more to part.

Wedding Bells

The wedding bells, are ringing,
They're ringing out their glee,
It seems, I hear them saying,
They join with you and me,
In these most happy moments,
When we're to join for life,
You take me for a husband,
I take you for my wife.

And now may this uniting
Be ruled by God above,
And not by just emotion,
Which most men think is love;
But we pray, God made this wedding,
Because he so designed,
And may we both in future
Be to his will resigned.

'Tis said by God in Scripture,
Each soul, does have its mate,
But because, we do not find them,
Is because of law of fate;
But we pray, we've raised above it,
Been directed by God's will,
And we pray our heavenly father,
We may all thy laws fulfill.

REFRAIN :

Then ring, sweet bells, keep ringing,
Keep melody, in your tone;
May God, our heavenly father,
Now bless me, with my own,
And may the sweetest music,
E'er be played within our home,
And be echoed by sweet angels,
That dwell, around God's throne.
Set to music. Sheet music form.

The Great Power

There's a power that ruleth,
Greater than the mind of man,
Few there are who comprehend it,
Fewer still, who understand;
'Tis the power of the Almighty;
Greatest power, that e'er can be,
This great power is ever working,
To redeem my soul for me.

Men of earth, they lost this wisdom,
So they drifted wide apart,
The Almighty gave man Spirit,
So to him it would impart,
Knowledge that he lost so early,
Knowledge, that he must regain,
If he'd ever reach that kingdom,
Far above, on higher plane.

REFRAIN:

Would you know,
Would you know,
The power that's ever ruling from on high?
Then your thought, you must control,
Let the Spirit, guide your soul,
Then you'll know this mighty power by and by.

Set to music.

Passing Thoughts

While now I sit musing
Waiting time to pass by,
The thought now presents itself,
What means it to die?
To die, yes to die,
And to be nevermore;
My body, and soul,
Which I now do adore.

Can it be my Creator,
Ever had such design,
When souls were created
That such fate would be mine?
Oh no! I can't think it,
For there's e'er work for me,
Even though body changeth,
Yet, my soul is ne'er free.

For the soul's the real I,
Body, only a shell,
That is given my soul
In which it may dwell,
While it stays on this earth,
Seeking truth for to gain,
Hence, from things that would harm me,
I must truly refrain.

If I fail for to do
As my conscience would say,
Then I violate law,
And there's no use to pray,
For I surely knew better,
Ere committing the act,
Hence, the suffering more bitter,
As a matter of fact.

My soul, the real self,
Why, of course, it can't die,
Nor be tortured forever
By a power from on high;
For God the Creator,
He, created to live,
And there's no power so great
That can take, what He'd give.

But there is one requirement
God requires from all souls,
Which as souls advance
To them he unfolds;
Just the reason, they're placed here,
And just what they must do,
To gain life everlasting,
With their God, ever true.

Now what is that duty?
I hear you all ask,
Is it something most terrible
Or some wearisome task?
Oh, no, my dear brother,
But to live the true life,
Conquer all your emotions,
And to banish all strife.

Except, that it needs
For to carry, you high,
So you find the true Spirit,
God's elect from on high;
And when that you've found,
And it rules you all time,
Then, you're *at one with God,*
And your peace, is divine.

The Deacon's Ride

The Deacon was going to take a walk,
From one field to another,
Two mischievious boys, as ever grew,
Little Henry, and his brother,
Conceived they'd have a little fun,
With this good pious fellow,
So they ask him if he would not ride,
As the ground it was so mellow.

The boys they drove a fractious team,
To a rig, with no box on it;
So they got the deacon astride the reach,
Then the boys were in for frolic.
They whipped the team, and away they flew,
The Deacon just a bumping,
He said bad words below his breath,
And his heart was just a pumping.

At last they arrived at a stopping place,
The two boys just a busting,
The Deacon got off, and straightened up,
And after a little dusting,
Said he to the boys, Should I e'er go to hell,
I would go there this way riding;
For I'd be so glad, when I got there,
It would take no time deciding,

Which place I wanted, either heaven or hell,
For the worst, is better than riding,
On a boxless wagon, astride the reach,
And two bad boys a driving;
And the truth of the case, I've committed such sin,
That my hopes are forever blasted,
For reaching the place, with the golden gates,
Where happiness, would have ever lasted.

Our Country

United States, our country;
Thy praises we do sing;
Thou pride of all this wide world,
Thou dost true freedom bring;
To every loving soul, sweet peace:
Each child of yours, a king;
Thy people all are rulers,
Then Hail, All Hail, we sing.

Our country, thou art noted,
This wide world o'er and o'er,
And as thy people know thee,
They love thee more and more;
And may God ever bless thee
With peace, and plenty too,
And give its people wisdom
To lead the life that's true.

CHORUS.

Then hail, all hail our country,
The land where all are free—
Where woman is respected,
And has rights with you and me,
Then hail, all hail our country,
Greatest country on this earth—
My dwelling place hereafter,
Earthly home of greatest worth.

What Becomes of Us When We Leave This Earth?

We now take the question,
Just where does man go,
When we bury the house,
The soul dwelt in below?
Friends, think unto one place,
Foes, think not the same,
Now the question arises,
Whose argument is lame?

Friends say unto heaven,
Foes say unto hell;
Now who is the person,
That can just exactly tell?
And where are these places,
Either one of the two?
Now answer these questions,
For 'tis now up to you.

In telling of heaven,
Ministers say, why, up there,
But the question I ask is,
Please tell me, just where.
Then in speaking of hell,
They say down below,
But who did this knowledge,
Upon them bestow?

Did they get it from God,
Or only from men?
Now answer this question,
And after that, then,
Please tell me, the meaning
Of heaven, and hell,
And in your opinion,
Just where your friends dwell?

Ministers, tell you the streets,
Are there paved with gold,
Souls never get weary,
And yet never old;
Now, that is their heaven,
While hell's down below,
With furnaces, ever burning,
And with heat all aglow.

Now, how do they know this,
Except by belief;
But, to those who dont know,
Sure, it is a relief,
To think there's a place,
Where perhaps, they may go,
Where they're freed from all sin,
That they did here below.

But John, the revealer
Of all of God's laws,
Interprets things different,
And gives the real cause;
Just why men do fail,
To reach the high planes,
And just what you must do
To obtain the great gains.

The Almighty has promised
To those who would win,
The highest reward,
By freeing from sin,
The soul, that God gave them,
Then projected to earth,
When began the temptations,
The true cause of earth birth.

Now this earth, is a schoolground,
The scholar our Soul;
" John, says," it's our duty,
To o'ercome, the whole;
Every little temptation,
Of emotion, and strife,
We must overcome all,
Else, not done with earth life.

To him that overcometh,
John says, there's reward,
But, there's much to overcome
From nature's Great Lord;
But, we're placed here below,
To overcome all,
And it's made much more difficult,
Because of man's fall.

Now this fall, was the loss
Of a knowledge so high,
That had man, not lost it,
He would not had to die;
But as his emotions,
Were tempted by earth,
He lost the true knowledge
And true cause of birth.

Hence I say in conclusion,
Overcome, things of earth;
For that is the reason
God gave you earth birth;
And John, the revelator,
In language devout,
Says to overcome all,
" Then you go no more out."

Then according to John
Should we fail to overcome,
We must come back to earth
Before we're yet done,
To ascend to high planes,
Not on planet or star,
And as to the distance,
Why, 'tis not very far.

For heaven's right here,
If we would make it so,
Hell, in the same place,
And not down below;
Then just as we make it,
We get here on earth,
Misery, woe and contention,
Else, all sunshine, and mirth.

The Soul, it goes out,
Because man did sin,
For the body's worn out,
And it can't dwell within;
That soul knows no more,
Than when here on this earth,
Then how gets it more knowledge,
Except by new birth?

Now these are all questions
That all men should know,
For God dwelleth within him,
And will on him bestow,
All knowledge, he asks for,
If he asks in pure heart,
And this knowledge, once learned,
Will never depart.

Death

Death! truly the reaper,
Of mankind, of this earth,
Whom God in his wisdom
Has seen fit to give birth,
Likewise, the great leveler,
Making end just the same,
Of the prince of the palace,
As the man of least fame.

Death, truly what art thou,
That thou hath such power,
In greatest of torrent
Or most sunny bower?
No respect e'en for riches,
With the poor the same rule,
Dealing with most intellectual,
As with silliest fool.

Thou cometh at night,
Likewise in the day;
When thy power layeth hold,
It is there for to stay;
No man he can dodge thee,
Thou searchest so well,
From remotest of corner
To most beautiful dell.

Thou art no respecter,
All alike thou dost serve,
Even hand of physician
Cannot thy power swerve;
When thou gettest ready
To take from this earth,
The soul that's in sorrow,
Or greatest of mirth.

Then, oh Death, whence the wisdom,
From whence thou dost come
To rule over mankind
The whole as but one?
Truly, there must be law
Under which thou art acting,
For wherever thou workest
Thou art sure most exacting.

Death's Answer

Why, of course it is law,
As all men, might detect,
But I'm not the law,
But simply effect;
Effect of a law
As the Infinite designed,
And the whole of my working's,
To earth life confined.

I visit all things
Where they law violate,
The law, that's of God
Which in man is innate;
If he only will find it,
And live the true life,
Then, I him, cease to visit,
For in him ceases strife.

Mankind, in his vigor
Forgets for the time,
There's a power overruling,
That is truly divine.
Which, e'er man was projected,
To this earth plane below,
Designed the rewards
Man should on God bestow.

These rewards, are obedience
To the laws God has made;
As God's no respecter,
Effect is not stayed;
And as death, is effect,
Which man cannot change,
You have got to accept it,
Else God's laws rearrange.

But such will ne'er be,
For God must be obeyed;
And as long as disobedient,
Death's hand is not stayed;
But, by living the law,
And God's will, ne'er refuse,
According to St. John,
You live long as you choose.

The Realm Beyond

There's a realm beyond this, so oft mentioned,
And pictured with beauties so rare,
And if anywhere near as is pictured,
Oh who would not like to be there?
Its cities, so nicely constructed,
Their streets, even paved with pure gold;
Sweet angels, are constantly singing,
And its people, there never grow old.

But who has been there, now I ask you;
To describe all these beauties so rare?
Who has heard all these sweet angels singing,
And seen all these people so fair?
Who does know of these streets, lined with jewels,
Those mansions, pray where can they be?
Now pray why not tell all the people,
Just how these great things they can see?

Men say, it says so in the Scriptures,
But I say, please do listen to me;
At night, when you're quietly sleeping,
Your soul, has no work, and is free;
It then wanders out to these places,
When you wake, you just think it a dream,
But if you only live a true life, sir,
These beauties by you can be seen.

REFRAIN:

Oh, but would you not like for to see,
Such a place, where from care you are free?
There is such a place sure,
If you live a life pure,
And it's promised, to both you and me.

Set to music. Sheet music form.

Merry Birds

Oh listen to the birds, so sweetly singing,
As springtime bids the golden light to shine,
All nature seems to smile, at their true pleasure,
All nature seems to me, almost divine;
The birds have all returned from distant places,
They now do choose a mate, their joy to share,
Each bird does try to sing its sweetest praises,
Each little soul, it seems is free from care.

A lesson men should learn from these dear creatures,
As winters of our lives do pass us by,
That out of darkness ever cometh sunshine,
And more than that, it is not death to die;
We form new resolutions for the future,
Resolved by far, a better life to live,
We choose a mate, to ever love and cherish,
And as the birds, our enemies forgive.

REFRAIN:

Oh, merry birds, yes, merry birds,
Hearts so free, yes, hearts so free,
We welcome thee, yes welcome thee,
Merry birds, so free.

Set to music. Sheet form.

Our Banner

Our Star Spangled Banner,
Colored, red, white and blue,
Bedecked with rich stars,
Meaning States, old and new;
Thou art dear to us truly,
Thou art sure, our delight,
And we'll ever fight for thee,
While God giveth us might.

Thy colors, hath meaning,
Both the red, and the blue;
And the white stands for purity,
And as God, 'ever true;
And as such are our people,
Pure and true as the sun,
And when troubles, assail us,
All united as one.

Thy red meaneth forceful,
And of forces, we've many,
Men, intellect and money,
In fact lack not any;
Thy blue, means intelligence,
Which doth come from above,
And which finally rules all,
By the great power of love.

REFRAIN:

Then hurrah, for our banner,
Hurrah, yes, hurrah,
We will ever fight for thee,
Hurrah, yes hurrah;
Thou art dear to America,
To United States more,
Thou art our protector,
And 'tis thee, we adore.

Set to music. Sheet form.

Can It Be

(*A soul travel, to the various planes of soul existence.*)

I dreamed I roamed on other plane,
A place so bright and fair,
Such beauty, as I there did see,
There's nothing to compare;
The light so bright, the landscape gay,
And music, oh, sublime,
Not one discord, in all the place,
In fact, 'twas all divine.

I dreamed I roamed far far away,
My friends, I did see there,
Bedecked with flowers of richest hue,
And jewels, the most rare;
They played on harps, and sang sweet songs,
Their costumes, oh so grand,
I ask if there, I could remain,
The truly, promised land.

I dreamed I roamed to distant realms,
Strange people there I saw,
They lived in mansions, same as we,
But everything was law;
The light so bright, I could not stay,
So had to bid adieu,
I'd like to visit there again,
Our friendship, to renew.

REFRAIN :

Can it be 'twas a truth I was dreaming,
Can it be, there are lands that's so fair?
Can it be, that my soul is a wanderer,
And travels to places up there?
Can it be, I bring back to my memory,
All the things I do see while away?
If such is the case, my dear master,
May I treasure it up for to stay.

Set to music. Sheet form.

What I Have To Do

I have something to do,
Likewise, so have you,
For God so designed it,
Hence, I make no ado
But, proceed at once
To learn his great plan,
Designed for all mankind,
Yes, for woman, and man.

The two are as one
When united on earth,
And now when I say that
You think it is mirth.
But the two whom God married,
Are just as I say,
And that's just what I meant,
And also God's way.

For God said, Who I join
Let no man put apart,
And that was the law
From the very first start;
But man got emotional,
And lost knowledge true,
And that was what made man
Such vile things do.

So, at first, I must learn,
The knowledge, man lost;
Then, by my emotions
I cannot be bossed,
For they are my tempters,
And with them I must win,
Else my life is all turmoil,
No happiness within.

If I violate law,
Punishments follow,
If not today,
Perhaps, then tomorrow.
Hence, then I must know
The laws of my God,
And obey to the letter,
Else, come under the rod.

Belief, does not help me,
As many men teach,
For I've got to do,
If the goal, I would reach;
And do just exactly
As God says I must,
Else my soul, with my body,
Is doomed to the dust.

The churches, say surely
That Christ died for me,
And that by his dying,
All sinners are free;
But oh, what sheer nonsense,
To teach as they do,
For God's no respecter
Of me, nor of you.

He made his great laws,
To rule nature and men,
Nature came first,
And with *her* laws, did then,
Take control over man,
So that man lost his way,
And now do you think,
God's to blame, for your play,

And gave a true, Son,
Your Soul to redeem,
So you could live on
Continuing mean?
And simply because
You repent before men,
But keep right on doing
That; that is the end?

Oh, no! brother man,
You've got something to do,
And only by knowing
The things that are true,
Can I cease violating,
The laws that's for me,
For 'tis only by doing,
The truth am I free.

Consistency

Consistency, oh thou art a jewel,
And ever so bright, and so fair,
Few men, ever chance for to see thee,
As thou art, so decidedly rare;
Else, because, man's eyesight it changes,
When a few paltry dollars in sight,
Makes him, so decidedly different,
How it turns him, indeed is a fright.

Is that so, in your case my dear brother?
Take an invoice, as close as you can,
Look over your dealings most closely,
O'er each little act, please do scan;
If you've failed for to find this true jewel,
Because, dollars, they blinded you so,
Cast them all to the dogs, my dear brother,
So that justice, can have a small show.

Pessimism and Optimism

Some think, all for the best,
Others, all for the worst,
But, forever with me,
The one I said first;
And so 'tis with every one,
If they would but see,
The lesson nature teaches
To them, and to me.

For it's all nature's forces
That rule on this plane,
And the general law is,
That all, finally is gain;
But because men can't see,
And reveal the great scheme,
They forget for the time,
They've a soul to redeem.

For nature, is a worker,
To fulfill a great plan,
As created by God,
For to test soul of man;
And when man he sees,
God is back of it all,
Then he knows all are lessons,
To redeem from the fall.

Now what is the lesson
Adversity does teach?
If yet you've not thought
Then I truly beseech,
That you go, right to work
For to study God's plan,
Then it will not be long
Ere you will understand.

For instance, I say,
Your money's your God,
It's love, root of evil
Since the earth was first trod;
Your soul, so absorbed
In getting the stuff,
You e'en forget honor,
Else, you can't get enough.

Now comes opposition,
You've forgotten why here,
So God plans through nature
That he interfere;
You lose all you've got
Yes, all treasures of earth,
But it's all for to teach
Why God gave you birth.

You begin over new,
Save all you can get,
Continuing still,
For to worry and fret,
Because it don't come,
Just as fast as it might,
This world's accumulations,
Your greatest delight.

The lesson not learned
By your first money loss,
You must now have another,
For earth goods are dross;
So sickness now comes,
Till it takes all you've got,
Will you now get the lesson
Or still think, you will not?

Now men get these lessons
Some this way, some that;
Some quite slow in coming,
Some quicker than scat;
But know ye all men,
Let them come as they will,
Every lesson has purpose,
A law to fulfill.

This law is from God,
The ruler most high,
Which without recognition
Demands that we die;
Hence, we search when opposed
By the fates that do rule,
For this earth is the scholhouse,
God and nature's great school.

Now, if all for the worst
God's plans are not good,
To awaken your soul
With experience, as food;
And to wean from earth ties
That doth bind us below,
For it's by this experience,
That each soul, doth grow.

Then brothers wake up
    There is law for to learn,
Bind not soul to earth,
    But after truth yearn;
Learn that each opposition
    Has some truth in for you,
Search for, till you find it,
    Then you'll know God is true.

Why Does He?

Why does man insist
Upon doing things mean?
Why does he not try
From this himself to wean?
Why will he cheat father
And brother as well?
Why slander his mother
More than tongue e'er can tell?

Why will he beat wife
When he knows, he'd not ought,
For surely it was him
That after her sought,
But when he had got her,
And of her, soon had tired,
Then he made himself think,
She's not one, he desired?

Why will men let their passions,
Of them get the start?
Which does very often,
Make man and wife part,
And then, when once parted,
Repent, at his leisure,
Because he had catered,
To a passional pleasure.

Why will men stay out nights
When they have a nice home?
Why will they get drunk,
And then hug, some old crone?
Why will they persist,
In doing such things,
When they know mighty well,
Serious trouble it brings?

Why will men take morphine,
And smoke cigarettes?
When it makes their friends grieve,
And them sure it frets;
Why will men, smoke cigars,
Smoke right in their girls' face?
She raise no objection,
But accept with good grace?

Why will men, run for office,
When true salary so small,
That merely from salary
Could they live at all?
He's not after salary
At which men have laughed,
He wants something else,
He's after the graft.

Why do men attend lodges
Six nights, in a week,
And then upon Sunday
Want all day to sleep?
If a child chance to cry,
Or the wife loudly speak,
Then you hear him just thunder,
When *outside* he's so meek?

Why will men get pouty,
Yes, women as well,
And then in their home life,
Will raise very hell?
Can it be they don't know,
But a few things at all,
And the pure lack of knowledge
The cause of man's fall?

I have had my eyes open,
Now just a few year,
And as I now see,
Things do seem oh so queer;
And if one who reads this,
Can answer all plain,
Then I'll ask some more questions,
Along the same strain.

To the Sun

Oh thou bright shining centre,
Thou true soul, of this earth;
Thou dost clothe earth with verdure,
Give men pleasure, and mirth;
Thou art surely majestic,
And thy face shines so bright
'Tis no wonder, thou art worshipped,
Thou true sun of light.

David says, thou dost lead him,
And doth make pastures green;
That he knew of thy power,
It is plain to be seen;
And by many, thou wast worshipped
In the long, long ago,
Now I understand plainly,
Why they all loved you so.

Thou art true the soul centre,
Of our universe grand,
You radiate true life,
And as I understand,
Thou ruleth all nature,
Thou art king, next most high,
He has given thee dominion
Over earth, from the sky.

Thou art really the life
To all things on earth plane,
And to know all thy law,
To man is great gain;
But to merely accept thee,
As a planet on high,
We ignore thy law wholly,
Hence, we sicken, and die.

April Fool Day

'Tis April fool day,
And every one's waiting,
To see what's on him,
And in mind, is debating,
How he can get back,
On the one who fools him,
Hence, it keeps quite a turmoil
A going within.

It seems souls delight
To ever play pranks,
On the ones, whom most people,
Do choose to call cranks;
Then will spend, even dollars,
To get a cent's fun,
Now that's almost a rule,
And with every one.

Just why I don't know,
But such is the case,
And whoe'er contradicts it,
I don't care an ace;
That seems the true nature
Of all erring souls,
So it seems, all did come
From the same, general whole.

Now, there is a time
That soul nature, comes out,
And it makes not much difference
How seemingly devout,
That soul nature be,
It at times will break forth,
And try to create,
What men, do call mirth.

And that is all right
If there it doth end,
Tries not to do evil
And don't condescend,
To do, some dirty trick
Just to make some one mad,
But rather instead
To make every heart glad.

For that is the duty,
Of each soul to the other,
No matter whether,
A stranger, or brother;
For we are the children,
Ruled by the same rod,
Of only one " Father,"
That is, " Almighty God."

The Orthodox Churches

Of the orthodox churches
I now briefly will write,
And possibly, severe criticism,
From church members invite;
But the truth I will state,
Let strike whom it will,
Serving only the purpose,
God, would have it fulfill.

Then, at first I will say,
Of them all, which is right?
For each one, is e'er ready,
The other to fight,
And say vilest of things.
Of some of their laws,
And build up their own,
With the other pick flaws.

The Baptists, they think
Why of course, they are right;
The Methodists ditto,
And in their creed delight,
Episcopal, Presbyterian,
Christian Science, and all,
Each teaching different doctrines,
To save man, from the fall.

The Catholics, some different,
From all of the rest,
The most selfish of all,
In their own mind the best.
Their children from infancy,
They hold strictly to creed,
The *priest,* does the thinking
For all members, indeed.

Now, I ask, in plain language,
Who framed all these creeds?
Were they only from men,
Who were free from misdeeds?
Or, were they from men,
Say this one, and that,
And the one only chosen
That was last in the hat?

Some churches adopt
The apostolic creed,
Without any knowledge
Of its meaning indeed;
They know not the laws
On which the creed's based,
And time makes them no wiser,
Than as though 'twas effaced.

There must come a knowledge
To man, not from men;
To understand God,
And this knowledge is when,
Man ceases to cater
To things of this earth,
And then he will know
Just the cause of his birth.

And then he will see,
The great folly of man,
In dealing with something
He don't understand.
And to make a man law
When God's was here first,
Is to me sheerest folly,
And it seems to me, worst.

Then why not adopt
One creed for all time?
That would fit every church
And from God, most sublime:
Whom, we all now are seeking,
To reach in due time,
But we sure, cannot know it,
Until God, we first find.

That creed, is God's law,
That rules everything;
And if followed to letter,
No troubles does bring;
The path it is narrow,
But when fully found out,
Is the true path to heaven,
And its followers, devout.

Men's Mistakes

The mistakes of men's lives, they are many,
The sins of men's hearts, many more;
They forget, that one God, was creator,
Of all men on this earth, and still more.

Then each man, my dear sir, is your brother,
If he falls, lift him up, sir, with joy;
For sometime, it may be you who has fallen,
Or mistakes, does your soul, much annoy.

If *you've* once lent a hand to a brother,
And gave him a new start in life,
Then forever, thereafter, in future,
There's assistance for you, midst all strife.

A New Society in Town

There is one more society
Just been formed in this town;
Origin: the Church of St. James,
Just why it was needed
I cannot conceive,
For church men, should bear ever good names.

It's to keep men from swearing,
And to this they agree,
To swear not hereafter one word;
Now that men of a church
Should need sign such a pledge,
Is something I never yet heard.

Men swear? Who belong
To a church do you say?
Am I dreaming, or what is the matter,
Can it be that church members
Must be pledged with an oath,
And then they do make such a clatter,

About secret societies,
And how bad they are,
And how little good they do teach?
It looks verily to me,
There new teaching should be,
In the church, where the *good* men, do teach.

I don't think for one minute,
That one man should swear;
Or give vent to his feelings by storming;
But when church members have
To be pledged not to swear,
There is something in church, needs reforming.

A Sunday Morning Meditation

'Tis a beautiful Sabbath morn;
In fact; could be no finer:
It reminds one of his God,
All natures, great designer;
And all placed here for man,
By him to be enjoyed,
Then why, oh why should man,
By trifles, be annoyed?

The trees with foliage, trimmed so gay,
The birds so sweetly singing,
Rose bushes, in their fullest bloom,
But time, is onward winging;
And man, fast speeding towards the goal,
Enjoying not these pleasures,
Little dreaming, they are all for him,
And really, God's great treasures.

The church bells, soon will ring their call,
Inviting men to come,
And listen to some minister,
Who will speak of the Great One;
But the question now arises,
If nature's, God's open book,
Why not stay out and enjoy it,
And into God's mysteries look?

For surely, man's mind is too little,
To compare at all with God,
And all nature, is placed before us,
By the one who wields the rod;
And if nature, is his spoken language,
Placed here for us to read,
Then surely, we should study it,
This beautiful morn indeed.

But a church goer, says to me at once,
To all things, the church is first,
But if God, does speak through nature,
I would ask then which is worst,
To choose God first, and then the man,
Or man first, then his maker?
I, really think, I prefer God,
Hence, I'll be first, His partaker.

For God, speaks plain to every man,
From hill, and tree, and flower,
Even from the grass, and mountain top,
And from each sunny bower;
Then say I now, and ever more,
God's the first, whom I adore,
And then man later, when I'm full,
Of God's truths, nature has in store.

What is True Happiness?

The question you ask, is verily deep,
But few men could make a reply,
Because they don't know, and can't comprehend
That's the reason, and none can deny.

Many think that they know, but how far they are;
From the real thing, as God has designed;
For the true happiness, does only come,
To the one, who to God is resigned.

To one who has found, the true inner light,
That shines all the time, night and day;
To the one who has conquered, his emotional soul,
And has given the Spirit, full sway.

Many do think, when emotion's enjoyed,
They have reached the true happiness realm;
But sooner or later, there's a change for to come,
And their troubles, do them overwhelm.

True happiness never, where there must be change,
The condition must be, e'er the same;
Then it can't be the soul, that does take active part,
But the *Spirit* that does the law frame.

For Spirit, is changeless, ever the same,
God gave it to soul, from the start;
When man lost this knowledge, that was his fall.
Then from him, did true happiness part.

True happiness can't be, until man regains,
The knowledge he lost in the fall;
But when he does know, that the Spirit must guide,
Then true happiness, and power over all.

Then before perfect happiness, great is the change,
This world must be conquered, by you,
Emotion and passion, absolutely cast out,
And to even bad thoughts bid adieu.

Now what do you think, of the chances you have
To gain the condition so high?
You can reach it my friend, in the way I have said,
So let no idle moments, pass by.

For the hours are but moments, when once you do know,
The work that's intended for you;
Then waste not *one* moment, I again do repeat,
Else you'll find in the end, more to do.

For true happiness, only when you do know,
And now my dear friends, list to me:
The greatest of teachers, "Jesus Christ said,"
"Know the truth, and the truth makes you free."

Habits

I'm acquainted with habits,
Each and every kind;
To no one in particular,
Am I wholly confined;
For I treat each and every one,
Let it be what it will,
And consider it a mission,
God would have me fulfill.

Of all of the habits
Morphine, is the worst;
That is, for to cure,
Hence, I speak of it first.
For it truly enslaves
Both the body, and soul,
And ofttimes it sticks,
Until God, calls the roll.

It is no respecter,
Of women, or men;
It fastens to any one
And after that then,
It changes the man,
So he's not known at all,
As he was ere he took it,
He's completed, his fall.

Unless he wakes up
And gets help right away,
And unless he gets help,
He is there for to stay;
And unless he gets help
Both for body and mind,
Right back to the drug,
He's too often inclined.

Some think there's no danger,
In this drug for short time,
But, I'm telling you something,
Even though, 'tis in rhyme;
There is danger ofttimes,
Even in the first dose,
Yes! Your slavery is started,
And if not, mighty close.

For soon comes, the same symptom,
That required it at first,
Only pain the next time,
Is a little bit worse;
Hence, you take a little more,
To kill pain at once,
But in less than a year,
Prove yourself a big dunce.

For you're caught, sure as fate,
But, most men remain blind,
And to think they can quit it,
Are too oft inclined,
So they drift with fate further,
Far away from health's shore,
Until finally lost,
Body, mind, yea, still more.

For even at death,
Soul is bound still to earth.
So it has not fulfilled
The true cause, of its birth;
For man should be free
And that's just why he's here,
To o'ercome this world,
Hence, to me it's so queer,

That men will allow
Nature's forces to rule,
They submit without question
In this, nature's school;
And drift with the tide,
Let it carry where will,
And not even trying
God's law to fulfill.

Men they think, when addicted,
All others are blind,
There's no one who knows it,
Hence, they're mostly inclined,
To keep right on taking
And to get blinder still,
And finally in time,
Lose mind, reason, and will.

And now, of all other drugs,
Why, they're just about the same,
Effect about the same,
Only different in name;
They all do enslave you
Rob you of your true will,
Blind you to your own actions,
In your hearts, this instill.

Then get free, if you can,
And you can if you choose,
And when given advice
Please do not refuse,
Get mad, feel insulted,
Or pretend so to be,
For you sure cannot hide it,
So get free, yes, get free.

The True Prayer

It's an earnest solicitation,
Directly from the heart,
That God, most high and mighty,
Will to your soul impart;
His wisdom, of the laws He's made,
Which man must e'er fulfill,
Without which, man can never live
According to God's will.

Such desire, must be in earnest,
Kept in mind, both night and day;
You hold the thought in silence,
During work, or e'en in play;
For in your every action
God or nature, has its laws,
Hence, to do things to perfection,
Know effect, doth have like cause.

Effect does always follow
The action of some cause,
Hence, the way to bring about effect,
By directing, right the cause;
God gives to man this wisdom,
The man must do the rest,
And in this way, prayer answered,
The way by which, man's blest.

The Renewed Vow

The clock it was striking, the late hour of twelve,
The mother, sat waiting alone;
With the little sick infant, asleep in her arms,
Awaiting the father to come;
Why does he so linger, I cannot conceive,
Can it be he's been drinking again?
He promised me true, at the birth of this child,
He'd from drink ever after abstain.

The clock it struck twelve, and then one, and then two,
But yet, not a footstep was heard,
The child still more restless, its life ebbing fast,
But no father there with a word,
To cheer this fond mother, and help bear her woe,
Not a soul near to e'en hear her moan;
When a prayer from her lips, to the great God above,
Was heard by her God, on his throne.

That prayer, it was answered, as prayer e'er will be,
To the one who does pray from the heart;
For far in the distance were footsteps then heard,
To approach, and ne'er more to depart;
For the father had come, just in time for to see,
The child fall asleep for its last;
And there at that moment, in anguish of heart,
Renewed, all his vows of the past.

REFRAIN:

Can it be, he is drinking?
Oh no! It can't be,
For he promised me sure he would not,
But somehow I feel strangely,
Something surely is wrong,
Can it be, that his pledge he's forgot?

Set to music.

Life

Life, why wast thou given,
To all men on this earth plane?
Without *some one* to guide us,
So from trouble, we'd refrain;
But it seems, we're all in darkness,
One about the same as all,
Now do tell me my dear brother,
Does this constitute man's fall?

Life, thou art a riddle,
That most men cannot solve,
Thou doth bring to man much trouble,
That his soul, he may evolve;
But man has failed to see this,
And he wanders, more and more,
Forgetting for the present,
There's a God he should adore.

Life. From whence thou cometh.
From the source, that men call God?
Was I not pure, in beginning,
Ere my feet on earth had trod?
Then my coming here a failure,
This one life, all spent in vain,
Now I pray, that some one tell me,
How the lost, I may regain?

The Past

As I look back upon the past,
How plain now 'tis to me,
The experiences I often had
Which then I could not see,
Were only for my special good,
Soul lessons, all must get,
But yet, I failed to see it then,
And continued for to fret.

As I look back upon the past,
The time it was so long,
That ever I would be a man
And develope muscle strong,
But time sped on, and manhood came,
And with it duties too,
Each duty gave experience,
To lead a life more true.

But, 'tis all over now, I assure you,
Yes, 'tis all over, all over now;
The spirit of truth has awakened,
And purified soul, through and through;
It has taught me the truth of right living,
It has shown, all were lessons for me,
That God in his infinite wisdom,
Had designed for mankind, now I see.

Set to music.

Since a Boy

Things have changed so much
Since the days when I, a boy,
Was happy in my childish sports and glee,
Not a care on my mind,
Not e'en a troubled thought,
All was happiness, and not a care could see;
But as time advanced,
I found then more to do,
The whole world was not moving just for me;
I found duties coming fast
Life not just, one grand repast,
But a constant fight with error to keep free.

I would play all day
With my little boyhood chums,
The night came too soon for them and me;
But now I am grown,
All those happy days have flown,
I now earnestly, do wish the night to see.
That I may rest
From the weary weary toil,
That I must perform to keep my own,
For of us there now is four,
All of whom I do adore,
And I seek to make for them a happy home.

Oh, the old log house,
In my memory, oh so plain,
Such happy, happy hours as we had there;
Things not the best to eat,
But they tasted, oh, so sweet,
In those happy days of childhood I declare.
But now, things are so changed,
Not a log house to be seen,
And more than that, are looked upon with shame.
You must have a mansion grand,
Furnished, and most nicely planned,
Else you cannot be one of them, just the same.

But cheer, cheer up my brother,
The fight, you sure can win.
If you trust in God, who is ever with your soul.
And will guide you,
And will keep you free from sin.

My Redeemer

I know that my redeemer,
Does live, and dwell with me;
A gift from " God Almighty,"
My dear soul to set free;
How oft I seek to find him,
But so oft I seek in vain,
But I know if I keep searching,
Bad thoughts, I will disdain.

At the quiet hour of midnight,
From my slumbers I awake,
To feel his presence near me,
And of his love partake;
He speaks so gently to me,
My tears, he wipes away,
And promises deliverance,
If I only, watch and pray.

And then obey, the dictates of,
The voice that speaks to me;
And know 'tis my redeemer,
The christ that sets me free;
The richest gift, God ever gave,
No richer can be given,
The path, the light, the only way,
To guide my soul to heaven.

He speaks, yes speaks, so gently,
And bids me to awake,
From the long, and deep, deep slumber,
And of his love partake.
And be no longer guided,
By emotions of this earth,
But to listen to his teachings,
Who would guide me, from my birth.

Our True Friends

Our true friends are few,
Our pretended ones many;
But, as far as *they* go,
Better off without any;
For as long as their slave,
They're a friend to your face,
But as soon, as back is turned,
Your name, they disgrace.

The true friend, is one
Who has found the true light,
Light that shines, through his soul,
Every day, every night;
And no matter whether
He is with you or not,
His best word, is for you,
And you're never forgot.

You say, what have I done,
That my friends have all flew,
But I answer it plainly,
And in words, most few,
Say, it's not what I've done,
But things I do not,
And because I have stopped,
Is just why, I'm forgot.

Hence, such are not true ones,
But only pretended,
Such friendship as that,
Is best early ended;
Hence, I've summed mine all up
From the earth to the sun,
When I find the true friends
Are only just one.

Now count them yourself,
Even relatives included,
Think what you've heard said
Then say, I'm deluded?
Oh no, my dear brother
For 'tis just as I've said,
And the hypocrite to me,
Is just as one dead.

Truth

" Jesus Christ," the Messiah, said,
The truth, makes you free;
That was said to all men
Yes to you and to me;
Now, the question arises,
What does the word mean,
For there's no one, that's free,
As is plain to be seen.

For sickness, is slavery,
All men, sicken and die;
That such are plain facts,
Who attempts to deny?
Then again, men are slaves
To emotion and fear,
Passion, too, does rule many,
Now, is it not clear,

That men, have no knowledge,
Of truth, as Christ taught,
Know not how to find it,
And have not even sought,
In a way, that he told men,
That truth could be found?
But, with air of assumption
Have they, themselves crowned.

But to one who will reason,
Such men, can't deceive,
And to know things by faith
Is not to believe;
And a gift comes from Spirit
Paul quotes as the third,
Which tells to man truth,
Which is really "God's Word."

Then truth as men think it,
Is only from men;
Protects you from nothing
And after that, then,
It makes for you trouble,
While God's truth, makes you free,
That's the truth Christ was teaching,
For you and for me.

Now, my experience teaches,
If real truth you would get,
You must live the Christ life,
Cease all worry and fret:
Ask of God, in night's silence,
To your soul, He impart,
This truth you are seeking,
For *it* comes through the heart.

For it's by inspiration
That truth is revealed:
Many think though, they know it,
But to most, 'tis concealed;
For it's only for those
Who have found Christ within,
And when you once know it,
It frees you from sin.

Who Are the Angels?

The angels are often
Called upon by mankind,
As though they a mission
Had by God, been consigned,
To help all humanity,
When e'er they're in need,
Until from all trouble
Their body is freed.

Now who are the angels
I next of you ask,
That man would assign them
Such a wearisome task?
And next ask the question,
Does the true Angel know,
Of any of the troubles
That go on here below?

Does the Angel know evil
If ne'er here on this earth,
And can it e'er know it,
Until given earth birth?
And now I surmise,
I hear some reader say,
Why, Angels on earth,
Who e'er heard of that way?

Now friends, please do think
And reason somewhat,
Just about how much reason
An angel has got;
If it does not know evil
And only just good,
How much could it help you,
Doing all that it could?

It could not diagnose
Your case in the least,
Whether cause of your trouble
Was from famine or feast;
And it only knows good,
Not a thing that is bad,
Because no experience
On this earth, has it had.

When that soul was projected,
(Angel on the high plane)
To this earth here below
Angel, never again;
For when once here on earth
And in evil is schooled,
Then a saint it becomes,
Or by evil is ruled.

Paul says, Saints do judge,
The whole angel band;
And by that plain statement,
I now understand,
That souls, who once angels,
And who chose, an earth life,
By overcoming all,
Freed themselves from all strife.

And raised their true standard,
Even to higher plane,
Hence, once upon earth
Never angel again;
And now I make statement
Although it is quaint,
That a soul, when on earth,
Becomes sinner or saint.

All souls, were once angels,
And some angels still,
But those have not been here,
And perhaps never will,
Be on earth, in earth bodies,
And will not, lest they choose,
To try the experience
Then, their angelhood lose.

Oh, For to Know

There is a power within me,
Coming from the power above;
E'en above the gods of nature,
Truly, from the God of love;
'Tis this mighty power I'm seeking,
I truly know, that it is there,
'Tis this power I know will guide me,
To the realm, so bright and fair.

There is a power within me,
It silently does to me say,
I, am truly your redeemer,
Seek for me, both night and day;
Till your soul, I can enlighten,
So from sin it will refrain,
Then I'll teach your soul the lesson,
How to reach, the higher plane.

REFRAIN:

Oh for to know,
Of the great power within,
That will redeem,
Every soul from its sin;
May I awaken,
So the Spirit may shine,
The power that in me *"is Divine."*

Set to music.

Nearer to Thee

Nearer my God to thee. Yes nearer,
May I know thee, night and day;
Though forgetting, I may wander,
Bring me back to thee, I pray;
Though temptations, may assail me,
May thy presence, e'er be near,
For I know, thy mighty power,
And with it, there is no fear.

Nearer my God to thee, yes, nearer,
Is my ever earnest prayer,
And I know, I'll some day meet thee,
In a realm, so bright and fair;
I can feel, thy presence near me,
Yes thy voice, I think I hear,
Now I know, I've found my Savior,
Who will wipe away all tear.

CHORUS:

Nearer, my God to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God to thee,
Nearer, my God to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Jesus Christ, The Messiah

Of Jesus, the Messiah,
Who, God sent to earth,
To teach man the law,
And the cause of his birth;
It is of his greatness
Now of which I would write
Hence your earnest attention
I now truly invite.

Wise men, knew his coming,
Long, long ere he came;
And, they must have seen souls,
On the next higher plane;
For man's soul, it can travel,
To planes still more high,
If he only directs it,
And knows how, and why.

These men saw this soul,
Seeking life on this plane,
As soon as conditions
Made it proper again,
To take on earth body
For of such there were few,
Who had right aspirations
For a soul, pure and true.

But in time this pure soul,
Found a maid pure and true,
In the small town of Nazareth
And without more ado,
Chose her as his mother,
To incarnate again,
And thus by so doing
Was again, on earth plane.

Wise men knew his coming,
And at once sought him out,
And in all their doings
They were truly devout,
They protected his childhood,
Kept him free from the king,
Then they gladly instructed him,
So his praises, we'd sing.

This child finally grew
And arrived at manhood;
Then came among men
For to teach them all good;
Even taught by example
In the life he did live,
And taught man the lesson
To forget, and forgive.

He was wise in all counsel,
Not a thing he knew not,
And not like most men,
Did he say, I've forgot;
For the Spirit was with him
That instructs at the call,
The intelligence men lost,
Which produced, man's great fall.

Then the people, got jealous,
Just the same as today,
And sought for to kill him
Else, his power take away;
But, as power that he had
Came direct from on high,
There was nothing to quell it,
Except, that he die.

Then ignorance, it crucified,
True intelligence, from God;
Which has e'er been the rule,
Since the earth was first trod;
But the lesson we get
From this great and grand man,
Is you can't kill intelligence,
Try as hard as you can.

For it rose from the grave
Even on the third day;
Came again amongst men
There again to hold sway;
And that same intelligence,
Jesus had when on earth,
Is possessed by all men
Soon as man, gives it birth.

Men, they preach Jesus died,
To save my soul from sin;
But I think, why he came
To reveal power within,
Each and every true soul
That we walk in the light,
Light that shineth in darkness,
And forever shines bright.

Jesus, taught us the way,
In which we must walk,
Taught us just how to pray,
So our words, not mere talk;
He showed the true man,
The Christ, fully set free,
And not smothered by passion,
As in you, and in me.

His death on the cross
We example each day;
Every wrong that we do,
Kills our Christ, the same way;
For the cross is our body,
Our five senses, the Jews,
Will you still make the slaughter,
Now which do you choose?

No! I'll live the true life,
Wake the Spirit within,
The true "Divine essence"
That protects me from sin;
Not merely believing
Jesus Christ did it all,
I, have something to do,
Else of course, I must fall.

The Twelve Signs of the Zodiac

Far up in the heavens
The seeming, path of the sun,
Are there twelve constellations
All united as one;
Extending in circle
About twenty degrees wide,
And exerting great power
To this whole world beside.

On March twenty-first
In the far away east,
You see Aries arising,
The sign of the feast;
Yes, the feast of the passover,
*W*hen the sun, north does come,
The beginning of Spring
And new life, just begun.

The sign, through which sun traveled
During Arian age,
The time of blood sacrifice,
And of Moses, the sage;
The time also of Jacob
And his sons, number twelve,
But for you to understand
You in mystery must delve.

The next sign is Taurus
The sign of the Bull,
The Taurian age
Of which history is full;
Of things that then happened,
Of its reptiles so great,
Days of golden calf worship
And much more could relate.

The next sign is Gemini,
The sign of the twins,
A sign that is airy,
And much trouble it brings,
By its own ruler Mercury
Which does tell, all he knows,
Good, bad or indifferent,
Trouble, sickness, or woes.

The next sign is Cancer
The home of the moon;
A sign that is watery,
And to earth life a boon;
She rules the last days
Of all men on this earth,
Hence, we study her well,
For to know cause of birth.

Then Leo comes next,
The true home of the sun;
The life giving centre,
From which, earth life does come;
Of the tribe of the lion
To which he belongs,
He is powerful, in strength,
And rules all, the great throng.

Then follows, the sign Virgo,
The sky virgin sure,
Which does seek to give birth
To a mind sweet and pure;
She's the sign of the harvest,
Though the reapers are few,
But by knowing these truths,
We seek, more knowledge true.

Then Libra, the balance
She steps in between
The Virgin and Serpent
Though she seemed so serene,
But she tempted the virgin,
And caused her to fall,
So the balance, came in
And now she weighs all.

Then next comes the Scorpion,
The tempter of men;
She ruleth men's passions,
She tempts you, and then,
She drops you so low,
Lest Divine power you seek,
You are down with the lowest,
In reality a freak.

Then, there comes Sagittarius,
Who'd redeem from the fall,
The true house of Jupiter,
God of justice o'er all.
The serpent bites his horse,
That the rider will fall,
But the true God of justice,
He hath power, over all.

Then Capricorn, the great,
Place of death of the Sun,
Who, when three days in grave,
Unto life, he doth come;
And start on his journey,
To bring new life to man,
This the sign of resurrection
Can you now, see the plan?

Now, the sign of Aquarius,
Wavy waters you see,
Awakening of conscience
To you, and to me;
The true age of Spirit,
Of which Jesus spoke,
When men, go to thinking,
And God's powers invoke.

The last, though not least,
The two fishes you see;
They symbolize Spirit,
To you, and to me;
They mean, true uniting
Of souls, on this earth,
And they carry the records,
Of mistakes, of your birth.

You have made some, no doubt,
But now you know why,
So make no more, friends,
And of truth, ne'er deny,
For you now know the source,
And from whence error came,
And if now, more mistakes,
Lack of reason, to blame.

People I Have Seen

I have traveled this country,
From the east to the west,
I've seen some of the worst people,
Also, some of the best;
I've seen those of high standing,
Then again, those so low,
That the Devil, could but blush,
Did he chance, them to know.

I've seen people so blind
That they thought me blind too.
Then, they'd do things ridiculous,
But to me, oh so true,
Thinking, I was so blind,
That their faults I'd not see,
Then take chance, in the future,
To do injury to me.

I've seen preachers, in pulpit,
Heard them to people tell,
Just the things they must do
Else, they'd sure go to hell;
Some the things, that they'd tell
They would do the next day,
But in next prayer meeting,
How for sinners, they'd pray.

I've seen doctors, who pretended
To know things galore,
But to one who did know,
Why, their talk, a real bore;
They claimed no mistakes,
And their word they did keep,
For the people had buried
Their mistakes, six feet deep.

Then lawyers, why, a plenty,
Who will take either side,
No matter, where the truth lies
Only so they divide,
The cash of their patron
Let him be right or wrong,
Now are you, of this class,
Or where- do you belong?

Then, I've seen the honest farmer,
Sell his wool by the pound,
But when fleece was opened,
Stones and tag locks were found;
Sell himself, in his hay weight,
Water cattle, when sold,
He would salt them quite freely
So more water, they'd hold.

I have seen politicians
When for office, they'd run,
They'd meet you, oh so friendly,
Make you think yourself some;
You vote, and elect them,
And you think them so true,
But when once, they are seated,
Then, what care they for you?

Then, just once in a great while,
You will see a true soul;
Whose manhood, is perfect,
And when God, calls the roll,
He can answer, most truly,
Saying God, I am here,
For I learned your truth early,
And with it, there's no fear.

The Book of Job

Of all books of the Bible
One of the deepest is Job;
Provided, you understand it,
And its mysteries probe;
But, you must be a scholar,
And get right, from the start,
Else, you'll soon get confused,
And from truth, soon depart.

Then first let me say,
The name, J. O. B.,
Means, both God, and Nature,
As the scholar can see;
For J., meaneth one,
Number *two,* equals B.,
Then the sum of the two,
Is Divinity, or three.

Then O., equals seven,
The number of *soul,*
Then the whole of the three,
God, and nature, the whole,
So now, as we've started
This great lesson to learn,
Let us be very careful,
As we after truth, yearn.

Then first we will notice,
The sons of God met;
To hold a wise counsel
And please, don't forget,
There was one, came among them,
Called Satan, by name,
Which most people think,
He and Devil, are same.

But, such is not so
For they're two different ones,
As Satan, refers to *Saturn,*
As Solar, does to sun;
And as Saturn, is death's reaper,
To all things on this earth,
It was Saturn, they were talking to,
In a way, sort of mirth.

They ask this old Satan,
From whence, that he came,
He answered them truly
And then started the game;
Then they said to old Satan,
What think you of Job?
When he faltered a moment,
Then his life began to probe.

Saying, why your good man has everything,
Wife, children, and herds,
Amused, e'en by everything,
From child prattle to birds;
Hence, no reason for badness,
But, you these things destroy,
Then you see for yourself,
How small things, him annoy.

Then Job was surrendered
Unto Satan, to try;
You can pester him fearfully,
Only so he don't die;
You can take away everything,
For we know, he'll stand firm,
And though sorely afflicted,
We know, he'll not squirm.

So Satan began,
By first taking away,
His flocks, and his herds,
While Job, he did pray;
But his prayers were not answered,
Trouble came, more and more,
And finally, at last,
Job, he got mad, and swore.

He cursed, e'en the day,
That he was conceived:
And the more he did curse,
Why the more he was grieved;
And finally, his wife
After all means did try,
Said kindly to Job,
I, would curse God, and die.

Then came there wise counsel,
To help Job, if they could,
But they saw in an instant,
That they, were no good;
For Job, knew so much
Which was just in his mind,
That they soon ceased their talking,
For Job, was inclined,

To dispute all they said,
And did e'en curse them too;
Till finally, he was silenced,
By the prophet, E-li-hu,
Who finally succeeded
In telling him plain,
How if knowledge, he knew,
How much, he would gain.

He said, God spoke to men
In the visions, of night;
And told men the law
So they might keep it right;
And that greatness of men,
Which was all that they knew,
Helped the man but a little,
To live life, that was true.

For both God and nature,
Have laws, man must know;
And must live to the letter
If on man, he'd bestow,
True freedom from sickness,
Loss, suffering, or pain,
Yes, by knowing, and living
Over death, he would reign.

Then God from the whirlwind,
He also, did speak;
And told Job, the same
And where he was weak;
Then Job, did awake
As the whole thing was plain,
And all he had lost,
Was restored, once again.

Then to sum up the whole,
In words just a few,
It means know the law,
Yes, the law, that is true;
And live to the letter,
If in end, you would win
And only by knowing,
Can you conquer, all sin.

Man and His Work

Every man has his calling,
When consigned to this earth;
That calling was given
At the moment of birth;
But to miss the true calling,
Is man too oft inclined,
Hence, he tries to do something,
God had never designed.

Had man found the right work,
And, one for him laid out,
By a God of intelligence,
A power most devout,
Then his life work on earth,
Not with error all fraught,
For now he is doing
Just the real work he ought.

But, most men they drift,
Because, they're not taught,
That there's only one calling,
Uppermost in God's thought,
That will earn them a iving,
That their soul may provide,
To help keep the body,
In which it would hide.

For that Soul, was projected,
Earth experience to gain;
The body, its dwelling place,
Hence, it cannot refrain,
From following some calling,
Sometimes right, more times wrong,
And that's the law, general,
With all the great throng,

Or, have you, like most others,
Had your parents, make choice?
They chose you a calling
So their hearts, would rejoice?
But their choice not in sympathy,
With your own heart desire,
Hence, you work not in earnest,
And of work, soon do tire.

Parents, make the mistake,
Nine times out of ten;
For they have chosen calling
Of majority of men;
For they have the money,
Think their child exceeding bright;
Make a preacher, out of a blacksmith,
To the world to give light.

Now, such preacher a failure,
Other professions, the same;
The parents, choose the calling,
For the sake of the name;
Not knowing, God, and nature,
Had planned the child's work,
And because, he hasn't found it,
The reason, he'll shirk.

Now, did you make mistake,
Or your true calling find?
Is your heart in your work,
To no limit confined?
For if true work is found
You can't be held back,
You will work then in earnest,
And of courage, ne'er lack.

Now, I say, watch the child,
Note the soul's chief delight,
And if you're a close observer,
You will soon receive light,
Of that soul's aspirations,
And as God, would direct,
Now direct, the child according,
And his honor, protect.

Or, have cast, scheme of heavens,
By one who reads fate,
And have it done early
Please don't wait so late,
For it, will surely tell you,
God's and nature's great scheme,
In planning the work
So life's not a mere dream.

Nature's Lessons

Nature, God's open book
Meant for mankind to read,
Placed before man, by God,
And is truth, yes indeed,
And when man learns to read it,
And will profit thereby,
Then the key to right living
He has found, none deny.

For in man, all is imaged
From the earth, to the sun;
Man, epitome of all,
Since creations, first begun.
Then all things, seen in nature,
Teach a lesson for man,
For in man, so in nature,
Now do you, understand?

For instance, in nature,
The river does run,
The source, it was high,
Yea, we might say the sun;
But it falls, and keeps falling,
Till its level is found,
Man does the same thing,
Oft, below, the first round.

There's the hog, too, in nature,
Which is mighty short lived,
He consumes almost everything,
For a time, though, he thrived;
But soon he must die,
For God so designed,
Men, must do the same thing,
If like hogs, they're inclined.

And then, there's the dog,
To man, a true slave;
The better you use him,
The better, he'll behave;
So is man, a slave too,
To earth, air and fire,
Water, too, will destroy him,
Lest he keeps free from mire.

We gaze down the roadway,
It looks level and clear,
But you travel it blindfold,
And vast hummocks appear.
They will e'en throw you down,
You perhaps, lose your way,
You e'en lose your starting place,
Hence, you're down for to stay.

But the bird of the heavens,
It rises on high,
There's a lesson in nature,
Which none can deny,
Which says man can rise,
If he knows, how and why,
And forsakes his low nature,
And on God does rely.

But for water, to rise upward,
Requires, force from behind,
Just so with the man,
For his heart's then inclined,
To seek the high nature,
That's in each human soul,
The Christ, the redeemer,
That redeems, the great whole.

But this Christ, the redeemer,
Is hard, hard to find;
For the way is so narrow,
And your heart not inclined,
But this great book of nature,
Placed before one and all,
Says, such thing is possible,
Man can rise, from his fall.

Then man, study nature,
See by law, she does work,
Man must do the same thing,
Not one duty, can shirk;
If you would attain
To the place God designed,
Else he travels earth blindly,
And to low plane consigned.

The Autumn

The summer days, they now are over
And the Autumn, now is here;
All the grains, and fruits have ripened,
Now we gather, for the year;
Now we make an estimation,
What has been the loss or gain,
In the harvest, now just gathered,
With the plans, we did maintain.

Such is life, when age o'ertakes us,
It's the autumn, that then appears;
Summer days have surely ended,
And the harvest, mostly tears;
For we've failed to sow most proper,
Tares have sprung up in our lives,
We now know, that flowers wither,
Where the weed, most freely thrives.

Now at once, we grasp the lesson,
God, himself, he gave mankind;
And we plan a better sowing,
More we think as God designed;
And we make earth overcomings,
Every trial, we boldly meet;
And if all low thought is conquered,
What a harvest, we shall reap.

Conscience

There's a power, that is within,
To protect us from all sin,
If we listen to the prompting, night and day,
It will every soul direct
Yes, and body too protect,
'Tis the power that ever answers, when we pray.

Providing, we do pray,
Not in a selfish way,
And ask for things, we know we cannot get,
For there's only just one thing,
We should know, that prayer will bring,
That is knowledge to our soul, please don't forget.

The rest, is done by us,
And there's no use for to fuss
And rave, and contradict, what I do say,
For God will change no plan,
By the asking of some man,
Hence, accept the truth, and know just how to pray.

This conscience, that's in you,
Is Divinity, now that's true,
It's the medium, through which your prayer is heard,
It's the Holy Ghost in you,
The Christ, so pure and true,
And it's ever, ever telling you God's word.

Now pray listen to the voice
And in your heart rejoice,
That you've found a guide to ever guide you right,
For it will your soul redeem,
Make all things with beauty gleam,
And will hold laws of your maker e'er in sight.

But to some it cannot speak
Just because it is so weak,
For you've covered it so deep with selfish mire,
So unload your soul from sin,
So this voice that is within,
Can direct you, and 'twill answer just desire.

Now this conscience when allowed,
Is a power by God endowed,
To direct man for the right on this earth plane;
But it's stunted by emotion,
It grows strong through God devotion,
Hence from passion, and emotion, e'er refrain.

Mind

Nearly every man does have a mind,
That he changes, at his will,
It is made by his five senses,
Not by truth, God did instill;
As things do change, in this earth life,
That mind, it changes too;
For nothing on this earth does last,
For there's nothing here, that's true.

'Tis said all things, are vanity,
We find on this earth plane,
They come and go, and change about,
Not a thing stays just the same;
Hence, a mind made by the senses,
It cannot help but change,
Lest its ruled by fixed opinion,
Then all law, you disarrange.

The brain, the medium, through which
The senses, make this mind,
It must be perfect, to digest,
The thoughts, to it consigned,
By the five senses, in their work,
To raise man's standard high,
Thus making man's intellectual mind,
And on which most men rely.

This mind is called objective,
As from objects, it was made;
Then this mind of course, it changes,
As all things on earth do fade;
Then we seek for something higher,
That must exist in man,
For this is just of nature,
God made a higher plan.

In searching man more deeply,
We find knowledge, still beyond,
All knowledge gained by earthly mind,
A knowledge more profound,
He knows, that he does know a thing,
But just how, and when, and why,
He cannot answer that he says,
Now will you these facts deny?

Now this, is mind subjective,
Meaning mind, that's subject to,
The dictates of some higher power,
To the Soul, that's within you;
It speaks, when mind objective,
Is controlled by the true man;
Now have I made this plain enough,
And can you understand?

Some call this intuition,
Of which woman, has the most;
The right name, true intelligence
Of which all men, could boast;
Now the two minds joined together
Is both contained in man,
One is just the mind of nature,
The other, is God's plan.

Self Preservation the First Law

According to Moses,
The great God did create,
Mankind in his image
And to him did relate,
The law by which souls
Might in time reach high plane,
And at once, set them working
This reward for to gain.

He at once, then projected
Mankind, to earth plane;
Second chapter of Genesis
Tells this all just the same;
How he gave souls earth bodies,
Breathed in them breath of life,
Two, on earth plane united,
The husband, and wife.

Man and wife, new creators,
For more souls, on this earth,
The two creating bodies
To give more souls earth birth;
To this plane here below
To which all souls must come,
Providing, they get higher,
Than the plane, where begun.

Then, when here on this earth,
Spirit, body and soul,
Note the three in particular,
That make up the whole;
The Spirit, from God,
For to guide the soul right,
But the body from earth,
For to make the soul fight.

Soul, the true force of nature,
Middle power of the three,
Spirit, guiding it higher,
Body, to low degree;
Body, too, has its helpers,
To help guide the soul,
So it may be found wanting
When great God calls the roll.

Now these helpers, we call senses,
Of which there are five;
The greatest of blessings
If on earth things, we'd thrive;
But they sure, must be managed,
And watched with great care,
Else they make us great trouble,
And their blessings, most rare.

Now for instance, sense of sight,
Greatest blessing of earth,
And it is an earth blessing,
As it comes with earth birth;
We may keep it, or lose it,
Either one, as we choose,
We can make it a blessing
Or a curse of no use.

The hearing is next.
I would say to the sight,
As it adds to earth pleasure
And it makes hearts delight;
And yet, when your hearing,
Tells you things, not for you,
Your tongue goes to wiggling,
You tell things, not just true.

Now the taste, next does follow,
Mankind, worships thee sure;
But, as I do see thee,
Thou art not just so pure;
For you tempt me, and urge me,
To indulge more and more,
Till my body does ache,
And my real heart, is sore.

The touch, truly wonderful
To give us impression,
But we e'er should be watching,
Else we'll lie at confession;
For it oft will deceive you,
You will sense the wrong thing,
Then, it's trouble it makes you,
And no happiness does bring.

The smell, special mission
To invoice, all you eat;
It warns your own soul,
Of material, pure and sweet;
Which your own soul does call for,
To keep body in health,
Which is worth more to mankind
Than greatest of wealth.

Now, there's just two more senses,
Of which but few know;
The sixth and the seventh,
On you God will bestow,
As soon as you've mastered,
The five, now with man,
Now it's truth, I am telling
And you'll learn, it's God's plan.

Now these senses are given
As a blessing to man;
That he may study God's book
Yea, to learn every plan;
By which soul may progress
To reach plane God desired,
When his work he had started,
And then gently retired.

Now the knowledge acquired,
By, and just through the sense,
Can be very little
Or indeed, just immense;
And the whole accumulation
Summed up and defined,
Is told in one word,
And that one word, is *mind.*

Now the mind, it may change,
As your senses, may deceive,
If your mind will not change,
Then your heart it must grieve;
For some sense, did misguide you,
Truth, you failed for to get,
You weighed not in the balance
Which you've learned not of yet.

No, for mind it is dual,
The one just as I've said,
The other the soul proper,
And in various ways led;
Sometimes, by the Spirit,
Which does weigh all things well,
Then again by the body
How that weighs, none can tell.

When these two minds, work together,
Then results are immense;
Deductions made in that way,
They are called common sense;
Common sense, just introduction,
To the sense, few men know,
Do you now see the blessing,
Next on man to bestow?

Now when man, begins to analyze,
And a balance, will cast,
That process, is reasoning,
Such, conclusions will last;
For he's now learned to think,
Thinks for himself too;
The two minds, now analyzing,
The results must be true.

Now whence cometh the thought,
Is the next consideration?
Does it come from high source,
Or from men of low station?
For thought is universal,
You must look well to its source,
For while one makes you better
The other much worse.

Now its thought, rules your soul,
And just as directed;
If bad thoughts are rulers,
Soul, and body unprotected;
If your thought, high vibration,
There no evil can be,
Then your body more perfect
And your conscience, most free.

Now this is condition,
God requires soul to reach;
The law of attainment,
Is the law for to teach;
And not just belief,
Some one man did it all,
Else, I'm sure my dear brother,
In the end you will fall.

Your Birthday

Do you know the exact time
Of your birthday my friend
If not go to work sir
For it predicts the end.
Find the year and the month,
Hour and minute, if you can,
Write all down in plain writing,
For in time you'll understand.

Just the thing I am telling
And will profit thereby
Providing, you meet some one
On whom you can rely,
Who will read your whole future,
How and why you came here,
Now its truth I am telling you
And naught to it that's queer.

Solomon says in your Bible,
The beginning shows the whole,
Your birth-hour shows the travail
Required of your soul;
Now this is his meaning,
So please profit thereby,
You will find in it comfort,
And save many a sigh.

For the true Gods of nature
They rule on this plane,
As they stood at your birth hour
Tells your losses or gain.
There are those who do know this,
And can read the whole scheme,
They can help you dear reader
E'en your soul to redeem.

Take advantage, then I tell you,
Of all knowledge you can,
For life is everlasting—
One long, endless span;
You will need all your knowledge,
You'll in time cry for more,
The one giving the highest
You will fairly adore.

The Book of Revelations

The Book of Revelations,
As written by John,
Is shrouded in mystery,
As deep as is found,
In any book of the Bible
Lest one other is reckoned,
That's the book of Ezekiel,
Which, is a very close second.

John, is truly a mystic,
To men who don't know,
Or have the awakening
That few men have, I trow;
But could have, did they know,
Just how for to get,
And spend more time searching,
And less time, to fret.

Then before taking up
These deep mysteries of John,
Let us first find the basis,
His work's based upon;
For surely you see
Ere you read scarce a line,
You must know, a few things,
If his truth you define.

Then first let me say,
John, knew laws most high,
That existed before
There was earth, star or sky;
The law, that was general,
That in time would rule earth,
That would be inhabited,
By men of earth birth.

He also knew, nature's law,
Or true law of fate;
That came with solar systems,
Which with God, does debate,
And rules God's own subjects,
Because, men so allow,
And much of John's teachings,
Is in telling you how,

To cease being ruled,
By the power, that's below,
The power that created them,
As all men should know;
And to overcome fate,
Which man can, if he will,
Now, this is the principle,
John,, in man would instill.

John, was also, soul traveler,
Which few men know about;
But he tells all about it,
In language devout.
And just what he saw,
When he traveled high plane,
And just what it means
When it says death is gain.

John, knew law of astrology,
And of inter-world law,
Also, language of mystic symbol,
Which hath ever no flaw;
Also, universal language,
By which God, speaks to man,
And when you know these,
Then, you John understand.

Now watch, what I've told you,
In reading his book,
And learn these things first,
If in mysteries you'd look;
For there's some who do know,
These things spoken about,
But because, you don't know,
Think there's none else devout.

Now it's most time in vision,
That God, speaks to man,
And this is according,
To a very wise plan,
Adopted by God,
And as was, in John's case,
When all his earth mind
Was entirely effaced.

Men's earth minds they rule
Lest, well under control,
When man's guardian angel
Doth speak to his soul;
Hence, in deep sleep it speaks
As E-li-hu said to Job,
That's the time, when God's chosen,
Into mysteries probe.

John, saw in a vision
As the first chapter said,
What things, were to happen,
And just how, men were led,
By the forces of nature
Which ruleth most men,
And the law to him given,
For redemption of them.

He saw in this vision
Seven powers, around the throne;
The seven forces of nature,
God claims as his own;
Each power, representing,
A church, here below,
Men think their congregation,
But the truth, they don't know.

These forces, in nature,
Of which seven, there are,
Sun Mercury and Venus,
Moon, and Jupiter,
Then Saturn, the reaper,
Who sounds the death knell
And mars, the war God,
Which of all wars doth tell.

These seven, the powers
That stood, round the throne,
God's Spirit among them,
A part of God's own;
And spoke things to John,
And told him to write,
Things as they would happen,
For the end was in sight.

Every man, on this earth,
Is ruled by some star,
That shineth from heaven
Some quite near, and some far;
And that star, is a planet,
As John knew very well,
And this is his meaning
He would to you tell.

The churches, the men
Who are ruled by the powers,
Who ruleth all nature,
From mankind to the flowers;
Hence, all men ruled by one,
John classed as a church,
Thus seven different churches,
Nature leaves in the lurch.

Or that nature, misdirects,
If that term you would choose,
For by nature's promptings,
God's truth men do loose;
Hence, John tells men the law
Which is just "overcome,"
He repeats it seven times,
That includes every one.

And now the four beasts,
What think you they are?
That misdirects, churches
And God's truth does debar.
One the face of a lion,
One a calf, and a man,
And one of an eagle,
O'er the others to scan.

Then he speaks of twelve mansions,
That are up in the sky,
Ruled over by God,
The great power from on high;
Their streets paved with jewels,
That to man, is most rare,
Which creates in man feeling,
And desire, to be there.

Now friends, please take notice,
Of these twelve star collections,
For it is from their forces,
All men, need protection;
For they are the source,
Of all power elemental,
And unless, ruled by men,
Is to them, detrimental.

Now, I've summed up John's writings,
And though put in rhyme,
I have given points sufficient,
That you may define,
The truth, as John gives it,
And to Scriptures, a key,
Now read it with caution,
And the whole truth you'll see.

And this ends these writings
Of the mysteries of life,
All told in the Bible,
Clothed in mysteries so rife;
But the laws, as I've shown you,
In these writings just closed,
Will guide you to heaven,
And by God, ne'er opposed.

The Benediction

Now may God, the Almighty,
Bless all who may see, L
The truth, as he'd give it,
Unto you, and to me;
And also bless those
Who are seeking to find,
The true way to live,
So their heart is inclined,
To live the true life,
So at-one-ment, may come,
With the true God of love,
Ere their life work is done;
And to those yet in darkness,
Who think life a mere dream,
May he bless them with wisdom,
So their soul they redeem;
These blessings we ask,
For all of mankind,
For we know that in time
All souls must be inclined,
To reach their perfection,
In accord with thy will,
And by aid, of thy blessing,
Sooner, thy law fulfill;
These blessings we ask,
Yes, again and again,
Through our Christ, that's within,
And in truth say *Amen!*

Patterson's Books

A Knowledge of the Self the Key to Power

What Should I Do that I Would Be What the Almighty Designed

The Present Religious Awakening
From a Philosophical Standpoint

The Mysteries of Life Revealed
(In Verse)

And in Preparation a Work Entitled

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Author and Publisher: C. E. PATTERSON,
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"A Knowledge of the Self, The Key to Power"

THIS volume is beautifully covered in colored linen finish paper, with the title and interlaced triangle, beautifully printed on outside of cover in gold, and neatly tied with green cord at back.

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The following poems, which appear in this volume, have been set to music of the author's own composition and are published in full size sheet music form:

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